

Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 19, 1974 60 CENTS

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Next week

BOY MEETS GIRL—maybe. If Chris Hunt's owners think the filly is in good shape, she'll race against the top 3-year-old colt, Little Current, in the Travers at Saratoga.

TOP MAN from Down Under is John Newcombe, who has money, looks and a lovely wife—plus a top-notch tennis game. Frank Delfino has a few tastes with him at his ranch.

FINAL TRIALS to settle the America's Cup defender and challenger commence off Newport. A preview with analysis by Carlton Mitchell and color photographs by George Silk.

Since the end of the draft a lot of young people are discovering a good place to invest their time. The Army.

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people
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Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?



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and his wife, "The Rubber Woman." Gimmick: They've embraced so much, she's erased him. **3.** Nope. He's Moe M. Downe. Gimmick: Pitching show-off. His curve never breaks... only his extra-long cigarette. Not too bright. Thinks a manila folder is the Filipino contortionist. **4.** Nope. He's Jack Knife. Gimmick: Dives 185 feet into a full-color photograph of Lake Erie. **5.** No, he's

Hugh Mann Karotbawl, recently fired. (They wanted a man of higher caliber.) Either still has black powder on his face... or his charcoal filter cigarette is attacking his nose. **6.** No, but it's a pretty good one. **7.** Right. He thinks there's enough fun here without extra gimmicks and fancy frills. Likes his smoking pleasure honest, too. Camel Filters. Great tobacco taste without the nonsense. **8.** Not Noah Refund, the barker. Gimmick: Fast sales pitch. He could talk the Wolf Men into wearing a flea collar. **9.** "The Bird Man" (not shown). He's away nesting.

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SCORECARD

Edited by SARAH PILEGGI

BLACK MARK

Now that the subject of a black manager for major league baseball has been disposed of for yet another season and Bowie Kuhn has made assurances that his efforts in that direction are "constant and ongoing," and now that it has been explained that Ernie Banks and Frank Robinson and the Aaron brothers were passed over by the Cubs, the Angels and the Braves because they lacked interest or experience or were otherwise occupied, we are free to turn our attention elsewhere.

To pro football, for instance.

"I have never been offered a position in the pros," says Eddie Robinson, who for 33 years has been head football coach at tiny Grambling College and whose school has sent as many players into pro ball as any college in the country over the past 10 years. "I really love what I'm doing at Grambling, but I would at least like to have had the opportunity to turn down a job. Every white coach in the country with my tenure has had that opportunity."

Even the creation of a whole new league has not altered the situation. "Do you know," says Robinson, "I read that the Jacksonville team in the WFL has a coach who worked in high school last year? Wasn't there a black man anywhere that had his qualifications?"

For the record, Eddie Robinson's record is 225 wins, 80 losses and 11 ties, and 32 of his former players are currently on NFL rosters.

THERE'S NO CATCH TO IT

Sitting around the bar of the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles telling tales one evening last week during the Reds-Dodgers series (page 22) was a group of major league scouts and onetime players, among them former National League Poacher Bill Werle, now a scout for Baltimore. When Werle's turn came up he recalled how once in 1949, when he was on the mound for Pittsburgh against the Phillies, Bill (Swish) Nicholson came to

bat and hit an extraordinarily high pop fly.

Werle, as was expected of him as the pitcher, called out the name of the infielder who would take the catch. "Eddie, get it! Eddie!" hollered Werle.

The ball fell to the ground, untouched, as Catcher Eddie Fitz Gerald, First Baseman Eddie Stevens and Third Baseman Eddie Bockman looked on.

VEER RIGHT

Just as it took courage to admit in certain circles a few years ago that one did not understand the Wishbone, so today the Veer is making chickens of us all. Well, the time has come to own up and bone up, because the Veer will be this fall's fashionable offense. A survey taken by National Collegiate Sports Services reveals that the triple-option Veer, made famous by Bill Yeoman of Houston, has outstripped the I formation, popularized by John McKay of USC, 36-35 among major college coaches. Last year 51 schools used one version or another of the I (there are at least six of them) and only 24 the Veer.

The Veer, firs, is derived from the old Split T, in which a defensive end was not blocked and the quarterback either kept the ball or pitched out, depending on what the end did. In the Veer, neither the defensive end nor the defensive tackle is blocked, thus freeing the offensive end and tackle to block downfield, and the quarterback reacts to what the end and tackle do by keeping, pitching out or handing off to the fullback. The Veer also facilitates a drop-back passing game with the split end and flankerback as the wide receivers.

Oddly, the switch is on from I to Veer rather than I to Wishbone the other celebrated triple-option offense, despite the fact that the 10 teams using the Wishbone last year had a higher winning percentage than those employing the Veer or I. Apparently the trouble with the Wishbone is that it requires more talent than most college teams can come up with.

Coach Bob Tyler of Mississippi State, who is planning to switch from the I to the Veer this fall, says, "You must have a minimum of four running backs for the Veer to six for the Wishbone (Alabama used nine) and the blocking for the backs isn't as tough."

Watch this space for a pop quiz.

CORRIGAN'S WAY

By profession Barney Corrigan is a golfer. He teaches and runs the pro shop at the IBM Country Club in Sands Point, N.Y., close by the edge of Long Island Sound. A year ago Corrigan began fishing for striped bass on the Sound and taking his 10-year-old son Kevin along for company. Kevin's interest tended to



wane after too many hours in a small boat, so Corrigan retreated to the beach. He soon found, however, that his surfcasting form was not yet good enough to reach the rocks at the edge of Hempstead Harbor where the stripers lay in wait.

Indefatigable as only a surf fisherman after striped bass can be, Corrigan took stock of his assets and found a solution. He now ties up a yellow golf ball to which a leader, hook and bait are attached, pays out about 50 feet of line to absorb the initial shock, and with the ball open on his spinning reel, drives the ball with a three-wood.

Corrigan's average tee shot travels some 240 yards, but with a worm at-

continued

tached it is 180 and with a chunk of mackerel 140.

There are still a few kinks in his cast-drive method to be worked out, such as how to keep a worm attached to a hook that has been whopped with a three-wood. But the method has already produced an 18-pounder, "or close to it," says Corrigan, and it beats an afternoon on the practice tee.

PRIX FIXE

For the fight fanatic who never misses the big ones, a ringside seat at the Ali-Foreman title bout in Kinshasa, Zaïre next month is going to cost \$2,492, minimum. Thrown in, whether he wants it or not, by an organization called Festival in Zaïre, the sole dispenser in the U.S. of tickets to the fight, are "7 Nites-8 Days—deluxe accommodations—hotels or villas in Kinshasa, includes one night and sightseeing in Zurich, special tours of Kinshasa, and tickets to a 3-day music festival . . . escorted throat."

Although the ad which ran in a New York newspaper did not mention it, presumably airfare is included.

TURNING PRO

Professional volleyball is here, or so it was proclaimed the other day in the Burgundy Room of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel in Beverly Hills to the usual accompaniment of show biz and hard sell. "We are going to promote volleyball like no other sport in history," said founder-movie producer David L. Wolper, in a boast that came out sounding more like a threat.

The International Volleyball Association will have 10-player teams in 12 cities and a 40-game schedule that will begin in June 1975. It expects to draw its talent from colleges, beach clubs and, to some extent, pro basketball, as well as from Europe and the Far East. And, of course, talks with the TV networks are already under way.

There is one innovation, however, that by itself may be enough to guarantee the success of the project. Each 10-person squad must include at least two women, and one woman must play on the six-person team whenever it takes the floor.

A NOBODY PROPOSAL

Douglas Scott, a Sierra Club official from Seattle, may have come up with the environmentalist's ultimate deterrent. He simply suggests that oil spills be

named for politicians. "Each spill, like a hurricane," says Scott, "will have the name of a state legislator who votes in favor of bringing big oil tankers into Puget Sound."

NEW WHINE, OLD BATTLE

A lot of legends have grown out of a Harlem summertime institution once known as the Rucker Tournament but now called the Harlem Professional Basketball League. This summer, with the season only half gone, a new hero has joined such stars as Helicopter, The Destroyer and Pee Wee in the playground pantheon. He is Charlie (Mosquito) Criss, a pesky, 5'8" shooter who averages 30 points a game for a team called the Courtsmen.

Recently the Courtsmen beat the Sports Foundation paced by Larry (Fly Swatter) McNeil, 6'9½" center-forward of the Kansas City-Omaha Kings, 163-124. Though McNeil is leading the league in scoring and blocked shots, in this game he was held to 30 points, five below his average, while Mosquito, being guarded most of the way by Henry Bibby of the Knicks, scored 37.

Ordinarily Criss plays for the Hartford (Conn.) Capitols, champions of the Eastern Basketball Association. During that league's playoffs this year he averaged 33 points a game. His reputation has attracted inquiries from the Seattle SuperSonics and the Virginia Squires but no invitations to try out have followed. So his heroics are reserved for the hometown crowds, who know a giant when they see one.

BOXED IN

The abuse suffered by prizefight judges, though it sometimes takes reprehensible forms, is also sometimes deserved. As when American Light Middleweight Reggie Jones was robbed in his first Olympic bout in Munich's Boxhalle, or when Albuquerque's Bob Foster, world light heavyweight champion, got a hometown decision that saved him his title two months ago.

To purge boxing of the intimidation of crowds, the overtones of politics, even the capriciousness of human nature, an outfit called Electronic Sports Engineering, Inc. developed a computerized scoring system in 1971, named it Socrtron, and gave it a tryout at last year's Golden Gloves tournament in Cleveland. The system not only operated smoothly, say

the promoters, but saved three minutes per bout as well (for what, they don't say). Now World Team Boxing (Socrtron-CAKIS, Aug. 5) is considering Socrtron for its weekly matches, should that league get off the ground in February as planned.

Amid a lot of talk by Socrtron people about "the integrity of first impressions," one learns that three scorers, each sitting in a soundproof booth, record each punch as it is thrown by squeezing the appropriate fighter's color-coded lever—one point for a punch landed, two for a clean, hard blow, five for a knock-down. The judges' impulses are transmitted to a memory bank, also at ringside, and a scoreboard in full view over the ring keeps a running tally on the fight—a tally of points, not rounds. The scorers cannot hear the bell ending a round, nor can they hear the crowd's reactions.

Then, at the final bell the winning score shines irrefutably overhead, eliminating the usual wait for fighters and fans and also the opportunity for last-minute considerations of crowd and country to give rise to second thoughts in the judges.

The next step is to eliminate the judges altogether. Just wire the fighters for impact, like punchball machines. Same point system, same scoreboard, but TILT for a knockout.

BASKET CASE

The organizing committee for the Montreal Olympics may know something we don't. The fourth sentence of a press release describing the invention of basketball by Canadian James Naismith reads: "The first game, using a large inflated ball thrown through fish baskets suspended at each end of a floor, was played in Springfield [Mass.] in December 1891."

Fish baskets? Whatever happened to the old peach baskets? What happened was they got translated: the French for peach is *pêcher*, but so is the French for fishing.

THEY SAID IT

- Will Perry, Michigan sports publicist, on ex-Wolverine Gerald Ford: "We are very proud. He is our first offensive line-man ever to become President."
- Woody Hayes, Ohio State coach: "I recruited a Czech kicker and during the eye examination the doc asked if he could read the bottom line. The Czech kicker said, 'Read it! I know him.'" **END**

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you can't afford
a dirty carburetor.**

HE LEFT THEM LAUGHING

Cracking jokes as he went, Lee Trevino won the PGA title, even forcing a smile from old rival Jack Nicklaus, the man he beat **by DAN JENKINS**

Old Super Mex had been missing for a while, and the game of professional golf had suffered from the absence. There had not been enough laughter, or nearly enough of his brilliant shotmaking, or enough of the sense of real combat that he brings to a championship when he is out there thrashing around with a chance to win. But in some North Carolina hills last week, Lee Trevino came back again, wisecracking every step of the way, and doing that thing he has done so often in the past—dragging Jack Nicklaus along behind him. This is how Trevino won the PGA, the last of this year's major titles, by throwing his game up against that of Nicklaus and writing the same old ending.

It was a strange tournament in a strange place, and what it finally came down to on Sunday was a Trevino-Nicklaus confrontation of the kind that has taken place so frequently. Not always head to head, but at least emotionally. In the two U.S. Opens and the two British Opens that Trevino had won, it was Nicklaus, essentially, that Lee had to beat. And on the outskirts of Winston-Salem in this PGA, on a golf course that only Trevino expressed any devout love for, they were in the same threesome for the final 18, separated by a fragile stroke, and all Nicklaus did was inspire Trevino to play near-perfect golf.

When they reached the last nine holes, which is where most big championships are decided, Trevino did that giddy, hustler's thing he is so well equipped to do. He outdrove Nicklaus when he had to, stuck his irons inside of Jack's when he

had to, and he liked to say, as always, that it wasn't because he was playing Nicklaus "personally" but because Jack stimulates him. Everybody who believes that can crawl inside a Titleist.

From tee to green, Trevino's 69 on Sunday was the finest round he played all week, even better than the four-under 66 he shot on Friday that catapulted him into contention. That was back in the days when people like John Schlee were leading. On Sunday, when it was going to count the most, Lee hit just about every fairway and missed only two greens.

And why was he throwing it at the flags?

"What I decided was, this was the last big one of the year, and I'm the 54-hole leader, and I got to go out and play with Jack, so I'm gonna go for everything," Trevino tried to explain. "So I just tried to nail every flag, and I did most of 'em."

The day began with Trevino holding a one-stroke lead over Nicklaus and Bobby Cole, who was destined to "go South" eventually—doing so with a whiff and a double bogey at the 71st—and through most of the afternoon it was a case of Trevino hoping to hold back Nicklaus, a fellow Lee keeps calling "the greatest there ever was."

There was both drama and humor in the first five holes. Trevino started the day with a birdie on the heels of Cole, who sank a wedge shot for an eagle two. Nicklaus bogeyed the third, but birdied the 4th and 5th holes, leaving Trevino with the one-stroke lead he began with.

"Jack tried to give me two there," Tre-

vino laughed. "When he birdied the 5th he accidentally put his putter in my bag, so he couldn't find it when he reached for it on the 6th green. I said, 'Hey, man, you're tryin' to give me 15 clubs and a two-shot penalty. Tell you what, I'll take the two if you promise me you won't use that thing the rest of the round.'"

There was even more humor and a sort of genteel bit of sportsmanship at the final hole after Nicklaus and Trevino had both hit fine tee shots and even better approach shots to the last green, Jack with a 20-footer hoping for a tie, and Trevino with an 18-footer, hoping for a Nicklaus miss and a Trevino two-putt for victory at 276.

First, Jack's putt glided past the hole—no birdie—and he marked the ball. Now Trevino putted, nicely, and only a foot or so past the cup.

At that moment Lee glanced at Jack and the third member of the group, Hubert Green, and asked if he could putt out.

"I'm chokin' to death, men," said Lee. "Do you mind if I go ahead and straighten this thing out?"

Nicklaus and Green nodded approval, and the 56th PGA championship was over. Trevino calmly rapped in the putt for a par 4 and the type of happy smile America has not seen from him lately.

There were several reasons for Lee Trevino to smile. He had not won a tournament since March, when he captured New Orleans, and he hadn't won a major title since the summer of 1972 when he took the British Open from Nicklaus at Muirfield. This PGA, incidentally, was Trevino's fifth major championship in the eight years he has been on the tour. And as far as statistics went, there was one to be added to Nicklaus' imposing total. Everyone knows about the 14 major titles he has now collected, but few realize that Jack has also been second more times than any human. This was the 12th time Nicklaus finished as a runner-up in one of the Big Four, four of

continued

As Super Mex is the first to admit, golf can be a guesser, but only when you are a winner.





TREVINO continued

them behind Trevino. Thus, Nicklaus has been either first or second in no less than 26 major championships.

Technically, the key to Trevino's victory was in the way the golf course played. Rain turned it very soft. Therefore, the greens held almost any kind of iron shot. It was something like throwing darts. And the soggy fairways prevented many a tee shot from bouncing into the high, brutal Bermuda rough.

It was also to Lee's advantage that Tanglewood called for a fade off the tees, with the exception of two holes. Trevino's fade is as natural as his wit. Moisture on the fairways kept his low fade—the burner—from reaching the rough, and the greens held his "hot" irons, as they might not have normally.

But this is not to take anything away from the fact that he continually drove straight and slapped virtually everything at the flagsticks, even when he should have been playing a bit more cautiously. Like on Sunday.

"You can't resist trying to put it inside of a man when it's you and him," Lee said.

The PGA has a habit of going to a peculiar place now and then for the staging of its championship. It has dug up

obscure courses in the past, such as Pecos Valley in San Antonio and Columbine in Denver and Llanerch in Philadelphia. This time it selected a site where the golf course had to be redesigned and an entire clubhouse had to be built. Moreover, Tanglewood was essentially a public course in Winston-Salem with no membership to employ for the volunteer labor so necessary to the running of a tournament.

It was as if the PGA was trying to prove it could hold a major championship against all physical odds. The miracles then began to unfold. Robert Trent Jones came in to do over the course, adding enough sand traps to blind an Arab. The Reynolds trust got a clubhouse built practically overnight. The Tanglewood Park employees were hustled into duty on all of those committees, such as marshaling and parking and so forth.

Considering everything, they managed to bring it off, and this was to everyone's credit. But the tournament was obviously lacking in the refinements which go toward a memorable event. The leader boards out on the course were carefully

Gary Player's record-tying 84 put him in contention, but subsequent efforts came up short.

Once again Nicklaus finished second, the 12th time he has done so in a major tournament.

ladden, and those you could find were situated in weird places. There was one on the front nine, for example, which no one could have seen unless he was wandering off toward vacant pastureland. Others seemed to be facing in the wrong directions.

Most of the public parking was located about 2,000 miles from the clubhouse, which crested a hill, and between everyone's car and the tournament were hordes of state troopers looking and acting as if they were getting ready to whip up on somebody or get in a Dodge commercial.

As for the literary set, the Tanglewood PGA produced the first press tent within anyone's memory that was constructed on a slope. Which led Tom Place, the PGA's public information director, to say, "This is the first time you'll have to play a downhill break to get to your typewriter."

It was the third tournament of the year in North Carolina, Greensboro and Kemper having come before, and there will be still one more, the World Open at Pinehurst next month. This must add up to some kind of record for a "brown bag" state, which also insists that a visitor order a cheese sandwich in a bar or else he can't buy wine.

To most of the players, Tanglewood,



despite its beauty, represented a setback to the stature they felt their own championship had slowly been attaining. Starting in 1970 with Southern Hills, the PGA had been played at prestige courses. It had gone to what used to be known as the PGA National in Palm Beach Gardens in 1971, to Oakland Hills in 1972 and to Canterbury last year, and the next three will be splendid—Firestone, Congressional and Pebble Beach.

"But in between we had to have *this*," said Tom Weiskopf with the tone of voice that befits a man ready to withdraw. And Tom was. In the second round Weiskopf, last year's star and this year's Most Frustrated Player, reached the 16th green in a dizzle and then, depending on how you add and subtract, went about the business of nine-putting, at times gripping his putter upside down.

He finally put the ball in his pocket and told a PGA official, "I'm injured and I quit."

"What's your injury?" a friend asked. "I'm 25 over," Tom grinned, and left.

One thing Tanglewood did even before the excitement and drama of the final round was bring Trevino out of hiding. It was immensely refreshing to have him back laughing and wisecracking instead of complaining. Only a month ago at the British Open, Lee was saying he was tired of golf and sick of not having any privacy.

"Hey," he said at Tanglewood, after

For want of a few more putts, 33-year-old Sam Snead might well have won his fourth PGA.

his 66, "ain't nothin' like a low round to make you un-tired."

And he said to an old friend, "You know what I'd do if I had the privacy I said I want? After two days I'd go looking for everybody."

When John Schlee, the astrology buff, tied for the first round lead and then held it all by himself after 36 holes, Trevino said, "Everybody out here's got a belief. Schlee believes in the horoscope and Kermit Zarley believes in the Bible, and I believe in making more birdies than bogeys."

Trevino wasn't alone in pumping fun and thrills into the tournament. There was Sam Snead, 32 years older and 25 yards shorter than he was in 1962, when he first won the PGA. Snead, merely 62, went out and shot 69-71-71-68=279 to tie for third—third—with Cole, Green and Dave Hall. And Gary Player added excitement, too, although he did most of it in a single day, Friday, when he scorched Tanglewood with a record-tying 64 despite two bogeys.

In one stretch Player birdied six of seven holes, from the eighth through the 14th, hitting glorious irons into the ram-softened Tanglewood greens. Meanwhile, Player's regular American caddy and the man who carried his clubs through the British Open victory at Lytham, Al-



fred Dyer, was outside the ropes. As in the U.S. Open, the PGA prohibits regular caddies. Nonetheless, Rabbit, as he is known—or Lord Dyer, Sir Alfred or Rabbit, as he is now styled—marked off the course for Gary and provided him with considerable moral support and constant PR, not that Gary can not handle that himself.

"I didn't play so well this week," said Player, who came in seventh, "although even par wasn't a bad score. Looking back on the four major championships, I can see only nine holes where I actually played poorly, for whatever reason. That was at Winged Foot. Tried too hard, perhaps. I honestly felt I would win the next three after Augusta, and to come as close as I did makes me feel pretty good."

Player thought for a moment, and then he said: "But I'll tell you this. As straight as Trevino was driving this week, no one was going to beat him at Tanglewood. From Saturday on it looked like he thought it was his tournament, and when a good player gets in a mood like that, he's very difficult to beat."

And once again old Super Mex was in that kind of mood. Funny how Nicklaus seems to enuse it.

END



AMERICANS NEED NO PAPERGATE

The WFL may be the World Football League in a lot of towns, but in Birmingham real people are paying real dollars to watch their undefeated heroes—including some real players, like a black quarterback by **JOE MARSHALL**

First the president interrupted the luncheon to announce his resignation. Then he joined with the press in a platter of cold tuna fish.

That was the scene in Philadelphia's Warwick Hotel last Thursday when John B. Kelly Jr., president of the World Football League's Philadelphia Bell, bowed out in the wake of the so-called papergate scandal. This heinous affair centered around Bell Vice-President Barry Leib's admission that of the 120,253 people the club claimed attended its first two home games, 100,000 or so were let in for free. "Barry Leib basically did a fine job," Kelly said in resigning, "but he should brush up on his mathematics."

Around the WFL, sportswriting gumshoes turned up more giveaways, although nowhere were the numbers as staggering as Philly's. The league's credibility, however, was suddenly very much in question. And so were its resources. In the absence of a major television contract, WFL teams live off gate receipts, and in an operation one newspaper dubbed "the World Freebie League," gate receipts are crucial.

As if to showcase the financial extremes that exist in the WFL, last week's schedule called for a game in Birmingham between the Americans and the Detroit Wheels. On the field the two teams were nearly even, which was surprising in light of the fact that Birmingham's 28-22 win made the Americans the league's only undefeated team and the Wheels the only team to lose all five games. At the bank, on the other hand, Birmingham and Detroit came off like Croesus and the church mouse.

The Americans are clearly the financial success of the WFL, with very close to \$1 million in gate receipts in three home games. They have fibbed a little, of course. The announced 40,367 who showed up in a rainstorm to see them play the Wheels was closer to 37,000. Skeptics should have been alerted on opening night five weeks ago, when the P.A. announcer said, "Tonight's estimated attendance—53,231."

But people, like butter, spread out in the heat, and official Park and Recreation Board figures now reveal that only 43,031 were actually there, with 41,799 paying. The cash crowd at the Americans' second home game was 54,413, nearly 7,000 fewer than the announced attendance of 61,319. Still, not bad.

In contrast to these substantial throngs, Birmingham has been paid the league minimum of \$20,000 for both its road games. One of these was in Detroit, where attendance is averaging only 12,600 and the talk is that the Wheels will be rolling down to Charlotte, N.C. before the season ends.

If so, this would be only the first WFL instance of a pattern that has plagued the other new leagues, such as the American Basketball Association and the World Hockey League. In both cases, some little cities, like Birmingham, have thrived, while franchises in larger cities (where the fans are used to bona fide major league

teams) have been rejected and passed on down to smaller metropolises: the Los Angeles Stars to Salt Lake City, the Whalers of Boston to Hartford, Conn., etc. The problem is that while the Salt Lakes and Birmingham may draw, the networks buy population figures.

Traditionally, in big cities the new leagues' teams have not been able to come up with heavy backers. The Wheels are a classic case. The team has 32 owners who chipped in for \$1 million, but the financial base for the franchise was supposed to come from a public stock offering that would have raised an additional \$4 million. It never materialized.

And then again, like so many other new franchises in larger cities, the Wheels were locked out by stadium arrangements already made by existing franchises. In Detroit, the Lions held an exclusive pro football lease to Tiger Stadium, so the Wheels had to play in a 22,000-seat field in Ypsilanti, 35 miles away.

In Birmingham, Wheels Coach Dan Bozure singled out the Americans' running backs to point up the difficulty of his task. "Charlie Harraway and Paul Robinson cost the Americans more than our entire offense cost us," he said. Still, his team has come close to winning four of its five games. "Our kids love the game," Bozure said. "They have to because they sure aren't being paid much." The Wheels' players didn't receive a paycheck for their first game until after they had played their second.

Detroit-at-Ypsilanti is also the only WFL team that hasn't signed any NFL players for future delivery. "My own ethics aren't going to allow me to promise something I can't deliver," says General Manager Sonny Grandelius.

On the other hand, the Americans' owner, Bill Putnam, has put the cart before the horse in making his deliveries. "This is the entertainment business," he says, "and you have to spend money,



Owner Putnam chats with the injured Mira.



Matthew Reed, the Americans' new starting signal caller, prepares to hand off to Art Cantello in Birmingham's 20-22 victory over Detroit.

money for talent and money for advertising, in order to make money."

Putnam worked for Jack Kent Cooke Enterprises, founded and became president of the NHL Philadelphia Flyers and later became part owner and president of the Omni Group, which owns the Atlanta Hawks and Flames. His methods have seemed radical to some, and along the way he earned a reputation as a superpromoter but a bad bottom-line man, criticism he suffers wearily. "Everybody I've been in business with has made money," he says.

To his credit, Putnam spotted Birmingham as a perfect new-league city—it was virgin territory with a top spectator facility, Legion Field (capacity 68,821). Putnam believes that the WFL can survive in large stadiums in such cities as Birmingham if it can be anchored with a franchise axis to the three big apples: Los Angeles, Chicago and New York, where Anaheim Stadium, Soldier Field and a refurbished Yankee Stadium provide high-capacity sites.

Putnam has already exceeded his origi-

nal budget, which called for \$400,000 in bonuses. "That figure was shot to hell because there were so many more NFL players available than we thought," he says. Putnam now claims to have invested \$900,000 to lure such top players as Oakland's Ken Stabler (for '76) to Birmingham.

But not everyone on the Americans is a former NFL star. In fact, neither of the heroes in last week's win ever made an NFL team. The winning touchdown pass was thrown by a 6'4", 225-pound black quarterback from Grambling, who had NFL tryouts as a tight end and a wide receiver, to a 5'9½", 153-pound wide receiver, who returned punts and kickoffs in his only NFL camp.

Alfred Jenkins, the wide receiver, had to write to all 26 teams just to get a chance to field kicks for the Oilers. Matthew Reed, the quarterback, was so disgusted with his NFL experience that when the Americans found him, he was "running the streets." If Reed has a problem it is that his arm is too strong, particularly for WFL play, since he says he can throw far-

ther at night. "Matthew's gonna concave a chest one day," says Doug Layton, a local radioman.

While NFL castoff George Mira has recovered from a sprained ankle, Reed has started the last two games and become a huge favorite.

In last week's game, the Wheels scored to go ahead 22-20 with a minute remaining. Then, after the kickoff was run back to Birmingham's 41, Reed hit Wide Receiver Dennis Homan for gains of 14 and 19. Next he rolled left and bootlegged nine yards to the 17. Then, with 26 seconds on the clock, Reed rolled left again but this time stopped short and lofted the ball to Jenkins for the winning score.

"The WFL's not going to fold," an exuberant Putnam exclaimed. "I'm chairman of the expansion committee and there's high interest in a lot of places. That means there's an outlet for our trouble spots. And as long as we're this successful," he nodded toward the crowd, "somebody in Podunk or someplace is always going to look at us and think, 'Hell, I can do that well.'" **END**

IT WAS A FAMILY AFFAIR

In water polo everybody knows everybody and nobody has any money, but as the meet proved, with a few bucks, the U.S. could shine

by RON REID

There are perhaps a few folks left in the country who are still a bit puzzled about water polo. Isn't that the game where the guys all try to drown each other? Is it a new knit shirt endorsed by Mark Spitz? You mean they really put those poor ponies into a swimming pool? Didn't the U.S. win a bronze medal in that event at the last Olympics?

To answer: Yes. No. Not very often. Yes—and we're still something of an international factor in the sport.

Fittingly for a game played in pools, water polo surfaces in the public consciousness often enough to prove that it is going as strong as ever. Contested by some of the best-conditioned athletes on land or sea, water polo is a trial whose excitement bears elements of basketball, hockey and soccer. The players, coaches and administrators are a tightly knit band with associations going back to playing days. "All of us were teammates at one time or another," says one zealot, "so we don't have any of those AAU-NCAA hassles like they do in track. We call this the water polo family."

When it assembled last weekend, the family had some gains to be proud of: despite woeful budget problems, the national squad had competed in Belgrade against powerful Hungary and Yugoslavia in July, and acquitted itself well. Not world-beatingly, but well enough to mer-

it attention, despite not having had enough funds to rent a pool full-time for training. The swimmers had to work out between 6 and 8 a.m. and 7 to 10 p.m. "We could be the greatest," says Andy Burke, secretary of the U.S. Olympic water polo committee, "if we could just get our hands on a little money."

But everybody needs money in sport, and the familiar squeeze failed to diminish either the enthusiasm or caliber of play that marked the National AAU championships at De Anza Junior College in Cupertino, Calif. One dozen teams competed fervidly before a small but passionate audience which watched some of the best games in tournament history. Indeed, before the Fullerton (Calif.) Water Polo Association finally

took the title Sunday afternoon, the fans had seen it all. One game was tied in the last five seconds by a 50-foot goal; there was the splashy play of Fullerton's Eric Lindroth, the tourney's MVP—and the ending came with still another deadlocked game, a situation that left the favorites fit to be tied. For laughs along the way, there were some terrific impressions of barking seals—by every player who got his head shoved under water.

But it was all in the family. The big daddy who stands to benefit most from the action is Pete Cutino, bald and beefy. Bearing a striking resemblance to Telly Savalas is the least of his distinctions; Cutino also is the U.S. water polo coach for 1975 and he may be the only coach in the country who has won both an AAU





Rising to the occasion. De Anza goalie Chris Dorst blocks an incoming Fullerton bombshot.

and NCAA championship in his sport in one year. His Concord Aquatics were the defending AAU champs, and their roster was dominated by Cutino's University of California squad, which won the NCAA title last November.

Still, Cutino discounted any favorite status accruing to his team just because six of his Aquatics had recently returned from Hungary where the U.S. had finished fifth in the Tungsrum Cup competition. "I just got 'em back three weeks ago," he said, "and I don't know yet how good we're going to be."

Concord star Pete Asch, who is 25 and works for BankAmerica, figured that the U.S. might have done better in Belgrade, but allowed that it wasn't all bad. "By the time we got there, everyone on our

team was pretty tired from all the travel and time changes," he said. "We were one of the two teams to beat Holland, but we only converted four of 11 kick-outs [the occasions when one team is short a man because of a penalty] against Cuba and we should have done better than that. I think it was because we knew we were going to play Hungary that night. But it was good for the fellows who played internationally for the first time. We all realized afterward that those other guys don't walk on water."

Then, almost walking on water himself, Asch led Concord to three relatively easy victories before the most stunning play of the tournament resulted in a tied game on Saturday.

That feat was performed by Jim Kruse

of NIMA—the Newport-Irvine-Mesa Association—which also had several national team players in its ranks. With five seconds remaining in the game, Kruse fired a desperation rocket shot 50 feet straight up the middle of the pool. Unbelievably, the ball skipped over the surface like a flat stone and past Concord goalie Joe Shanahan to end the game in a 5-5 deadlock. Since the tournament was played under international rules, no overtime was played and since teammate Bruce Black touched the ball on its way, instead of earning the goal Kruse was credited with the world's longest assist. It also meant that Fullerton, which had knocked off home-crowd favorite De Anza, advanced into Sunday's competition as the only unbeaten team.

The expected clash provided the final drama: Fullerton faced off against Concord, battled the Aquatics to a 2-2 tie, the whistle blew—and so long, favorites. That earlier tie game had done them in. But out of it all a tough national team will take shape.

Next year will be a critical one. Cutino will take the team to the Pan-American Games in Brazil in April, and to the World Games at Cali, Colombia in July. To qualify for the Montreal Olympics, the U.S. must either win the Pan-Am Games or finish in the top six at Cali.

They might just do it: water polo is gaining new adherents and everyone in the family has high hopes for its future.

"The sport has really caught on in the colleges," says Bob Gaughran, chairman of the U.S. Olympic water polo committee. "They don't get too much publicity, but now that water polo is an NCAA sport, they're getting scholarships."

In addition to the two international competitions next spring and summer, the U.S. will compete against several college squads in the fall, and plans are under way to stage an international competition before São Paulo, against Hungary and possibly other world powers.

"Our players are faster swimmers by far," Gaughran says. "It's just that the European teams play longer, all year long. In Belgrade one of the Russians was appearing in his 300th international match. Our most experienced player had played in 30."

Still, after this tournament, U.S. water polo seemed to be starting a similar dynasty. Perhaps it's true that the family that plays together stays together. **END**



SEEING RED IN DODGER STADIUM

Which is what happens when Sparky Anderson's firebrands are in town. Waller Alston's artful front-runners professed nonchalance as Cincinnati took the series, but behaved otherwise on the field by **RON FIMRITE**

Sparky Anderson, speaking last week at one of those interminable Southern California celebrity luncheons, addressed himself to a question that has been vexing most of the civilized world for the better part of a century: What can't go good is a baseball manager?

"A baseball manager," the manager of the Cincinnati Reds said forthrightly, "is a necessary evil."

There are those players mostly who would cavil at the use of "necessary" in that postulate, but they would agree that old Sparky does have a point. It is just that he has not carried his reasoning to the logical extreme, for it seemed apparent during the tumultuous series between the Reds and the Dodgers last week that a baseball manager is a necessary evil because, if for no other reason, he is the purest reflection of the mood of his team. The tensions, the triumphs, the frustrations, the petty brooding—all shine through the veiled countenance of the man in charge.

The white-haired, long-faced Anderson actually looked to be the embodiment of the Reds of early August 1974: a craggy face-cape, inscribed with hills and valleys, the stern jaw suggesting true grit. Even before the first game with Walter Alston's Dodgers, Anderson seemed like a man peering into an abyss.

"They got us on a cliff," he said, "and we're hanging on loosely. If we split these games [a mathematical impossibility in a three-game series] he evidently meant lose two of three, we'll have to win all six of the games we have left with them."

But like the perpetually imperiled Pauline, he could see hope in the hopelessness. "We're not out of it," he said, "but it will be an awfully hard grind if we lose here this week."

If Anderson looked like a Red, Alston

was an artful Dodger. He has always appeared to be someone who is privy to classified information. The sly smile and the twinkling blue eyes in the old face seem always to say "Gotcha."

"I am more concerned about our injuries," said he, looking unconcerned, "than I am about winning these games."

In truth, Alston's team had been muddling through the past few weeks without star Pitchers Tommy John and Jim Brewer, and in this series alone three more prize athletes would be wounded. Still, the team had won seven straight games before the Reds came to town and was 6½ games in front of Cincinnati in a National League West race that had settled down to the two of them. In the nine games already played between the teams before last week, the Dodgers had won eight and, even with ranks depleted, they were leading the league in just about every batting and pitching category. Alston was in the catbird seat.

Don Gullett, the only Reds pitcher who had beaten the Dodgers up to last week, was the starter in the nationally televised opener, a game that started at 5:15 p.m. Pacific Coast Time as an accommodation for Eastern audiences. The setting California sun cast a golden light on the brown and green hills and the tall bent palms that are the stunning backdrop for beautiful Dodger Stadium. The sun also made it virtually impossible for the players to see the ball through the first six innings.

Entering the seventh, there were 10 strikeouts, three hits, three errors and only two runs scored, both by the Dodgers in the first inning when Jim Wynn homered into the left-field pavilion with Bill Russell on base. Wynn, a burgeoning folk hero in Southern California, delighted a crowd of 45,577 paid by clapping his hands as he bounced around the bases. He was rewarded with a standing ovation by his position idolaters when he returned to the field.

The Reds waited until the sun had set to tie the score, George Foster stroking a two-run homer off Dodger starter Doug Rau in the seventh. But this was to be a Dodger feast, and in the home half of the seventh the Dodgers loaded the bases on an infield single by Ron Cey, a walk to Joe Ferguson and an exquisite bunt single by Tom Paciorek. This brought to bat Steve Yeager, a catcher constructed in the classic mold—square and solid. Yeager propelled a low Gullett fastball into the bullpen for a grand-slam home run, the first of his three-year big-league career. The crowd celebrated this crowning achievement for a full three minutes, an experience, said the exuberant Yeager, that gave him "goose bumps like golf balls."

The inevitable Mike Marshall finished the game for Rau, although in this, his 74th appearance of the season, he did surrender a harmless run in the eighth. The anticlimactic ninth inning was enlivened by the antics of a spotted dog that caught Frisbees in left field with much greater dexterity than major league infielders were catching baseballs in the early, sun-dazzled innings. The dog was reported lost after the game. He may turn up on a Dodger farm club.

The 6-3 victory was, in a sense, Pyrrhic, since Cey, in legging out his seventh-inning hit, pulled a hamstring muscle. He was not to play again in the series.

Anderson was not exactly chipper the next day, but neither was he completely dispirited. "If you lose tonight," he said, meaning we, or maybe I, "you are facing a nightmare tomorrow."

The mood in the clubhouse was hardly despairing. Pete Rose blamed fatigue for the Reds' faulty performance. "We played 23 innings in a doubleheader at San Diego the day before. We're not the kind of team to get down on ourselves."

His chum, Joe Morgan, expressed a sense of urgency about the games ahead. "We can't keep saying we'll do it tomorrow."

High-kicking Bill Buckner throws Joe Morgan's double-play throw in third game. They grapple, and their fired-up teammates join in.

Continued

row," he said. "We're gonna run out of days pretty soon."

"The Dodgers don't scare you the way some teams do," said Outfielder Merv Rettenmund, who played with the Baltimore Orioles when they were champions of the American League. "They're not like the Pirates, with all those big boppers. You lose to the Dodgers and it seems somehow comfortable, not as if you'd really been beaten. But it's still a loss."

In his first turn at bat in the second game Rose was booed angrily by Dodger fans who, for reasons known only to them, have not yet forgiven him for tussling with little Bud Harrelson of the Mets in last year's National League playoffs. Dodger management apparently considered such abuse demeaning, for when Rose took the field for the Dodger half of the inning there appeared on the Stadium message board this stirring encomium: "The Los Angeles Dodgers recognize Pete Rose for what he is: a great competitor, a great All-Star ball-player and a great guy. Let's give him a Dodger hand." And, by heaven, he got one from at least some of the 53,472 assembled.

There was no setting sun to bedevil the hitters in this second game. The Reds scored twice in the sixth on Tony Perez's two-run homer and the Dodgers got runs in the fifth and sixth, the latter on Wynn's second home run in two days, a curving liner into the lower left-field grandstand. Both teams scored in the eighth.

Don Sutton, seeking his fourth consecutive win, retired after nine innings of tie ball, unable to either win or lose. He was spelled by—who else?—Marshall, who by appearing in his 75th game broke Bob Miller's 1964 Dodger record. But this was not vintage Marshall.

Rose led off the 10th with a single to center field. Then, after Morgan lined out, Johnny Bench hit what he described as a "hanging screwball" into the left-field pavilion for all the runs that would be required. Marshall gave up another run before the inning concluded, but it was superfluous. The teams had traded 6-3 wins, and the Reds were once again 6½ games back.

The loss also resulted in a pulled rib-cage muscle for Ferguson and a pulled groin muscle for Yeager, the team's ranking valetudinarian. Yeager has been hit by foul tips, Willie McCovey's bat and an assortment of flying runners this sea-

son. The groin injury, though painful, would not keep him from hobbling through the final game of the series. Yeager, like a football lineman, has learned to live with pain.

He sat out infield practice this last night, preferring to rest his aching bones in the dugout and muse philosophically.

"The basic thing we're trying to do is take these games as they come. We can't take the series all that seriously. Sometimes in important games like these there is a tendency to tighten up. We're trying to go ahead and play our game and not really think about who we're playing. We're trying to stay as relaxed as if we were playing San Diego."

The Reds would not buy that. They prefer to think of the Dodgers as fugitives anxiously glancing over their shoulders at the onrushing Big Red Machine bears down on them the way it did a year ago, when indeed they were finally run down.

"They had to be thinking about us when we were only 3½ back," said Rose. But that was on July 28. The Dodgers had moved three games forward since then.

"We can't afford to lose this series," said Jack Billingham, the pitcher Anderson assigned to win it on the final day. "There's an important difference between being 5½ back, which we will be if we win tonight, and 7½ back, which we will be if we lose. If they keep going the way they have been, we will have problems. But I look for them to fall into a slight slump. I know it can happen. It happened last year."

Billingham has the easy amiability of a screen cowboy, a sort of tall Audie Murphy but, like the movie gunslinger, he is dangerous when aroused. And in the tense, bitter third game he pitched better than he has all year—a 2-0, six-hit, 10-strikeout masterpiece before 54,038 fans, the largest Dodger crowd of the season.

The Reds' runs came in the usual way—Morgan singling and taking third on an error by Dodger Rightfielder Willie Crawford and Bench hitting a home run, his 22nd. The Dodgers' avowed cool seemed to evaporate on this balmy evening. Swinging futilely at Billingham's bewildering array of fastballs and tantalizing curves, they became increasingly edgy. Their hopes momentarily rose in the ninth when Bill Buckner led off with an infield single. Then Wynn hit what ap-

peared to be a certain double-play bouncer at Concepcion, who flipped to Morgan, whose throw to Perez at first barely missed catching Wynn.

Morgan was fortunate to make any kind of throw. Buckner, a furious competitor of the Rose persuasion, barreled into him so forcefully that Morgan later protested he had nearly been kicked in the face. Morgan's response to this unnecessary roughness was to fling himself at his assailant. The two rolled in the infield dirt as players from both camps swarmed onto the field, most seeking only to form a more lasting peace. Rose charged in from left field and snatched up Dodger Reserve Infielder Rick Auerbach. They tugged and hauled at each other all the way to the pitcher's mound, where Auerbach was joined by half a dozen of his teammates. The unfortunate Rose was dragged to the turf. When he returned unharmed to his position, he was the object of bottle throwers. What had happened to that gracious "Dodger hand?"

The Dodgers had lost the series but they remained 5½ games ahead of their increasingly restless pursuers. A total of 153,087 fans had watched the games, sending Dodger attendance for the year past 1.8 million. The spectators are showing up in numbers that may challenge the Dodgers' own major league attendance record of 2,755,184 set in 1962, the stadium's first year.

How much did the Dodgers lose and the Reds gain in those three days? "It would be nice to say this has been a critical series," said Los Angeles' fine first baseman, Steve Garvey, "but we've got a 14-day road trip coming up. We can't let down on the road."

Abston, still the possessor of state secrets, was too busy grousing about the injuries to fret much over the loss of a series.

And Anderson did not look convinced. "We got a shot at 'em now," he said. "And that's all. If we had the same lead they have, I'd say we'd have it locked up. In fact, if we get so much as a game lead or even if we draw even with them, I'd say we'd get them. But if we stay right where we are now, we'll just have to win five of the six games we've got left with them."

But he was smiling when he said that, a smile pretty much like any you could see in the locker room where his players were quietly dressing. **END**

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For a while there it seemed Jenni Chandler couldn't even *jump* off a diving board without being hailed as some kind of prodigy. References to her age—she had just turned 14—were rampant when she placed eighth in the three-meter springboard last September at the World Aquatics championship in Yugoslavia. The talk grew more insistent after she won the same event this past April at the AAU national indoor championships in Dallas. Warily, Jenni complained, "If one more person says 'And she's only 14,' I think I'll scream."

After all this, it was particularly fitting that when her daughter's birthday came around in mid-June, Terry and Kay Chandler threw a party on their cattle ranch in the rolling Alabama farmland east of Birmingham. Dark clouds sent rain splattering into Jenni Chandler's backyard diving well, but the mood inside the red-brick, hilltop farmhouse was festive. As Jenni's parents, two sisters—Lauree, 12, and Mandy, 4—and friends chorused "Happy Birthday," out came the white cake aglow with candles. Jenni gave one look, then cried, "Oh, Mother!" The vanilla inscription read: AND SHE'S ONLY 15.

Jenni Chandler is young to be a champion diver, but who can blame her for feeling grown up? In the conviction that her smile works better without them, Jenni sometimes discards her retainer braces, and one of these days she may sim-

ilarly dispose of the wad of bubble gum she is usually chewing—perhaps by passing it on the underside of some Maxfliex board. Once so skinny she was nicknamed "Stick," Jenni is now a lissome 5'6" with saucerlike blue eyes framed by tumbling hair the color of molasses.

Jenni also is poised and graceful beyond her years off the three-meter board. Nobody much cares that she has not even gotten around to competing in 10-meter platform, the other major diving event. Pat McCormick, the only diver to win four Olympic gold medals, declares, "Jenni has more class and style than any other diver." And Bob Clotworthy, also an Olympic champion and now coach at the University of Texas, adds, "Jenni is incredibly graceful. She has a natural feel for the water. She just seems to know where the water is when she's diving."

Despite these raves, Jenni is no better than a long shot to duplicate her Dallas triumph at the AAU outdoor championships now in progress in Decatur, Ala. The site is just a 90-minute drive from Jenni's home, and her father is meet director, circumstances that will surely make her a favorite with the crowd. Precocious though she is, however, Jenni Chandler is just one of a humber crop of U.S. female divers, many of whom have a solid edge in experience. As Jenni says, "Some of these girls are 18 or 19 or even older."

Her rivals include Carrie Irish and Me-

lissa Briley, a pair of college-bound whizzes. Carrie is already 18, Melissa will reach that advanced age next week. There also is Christine Lock, well preserved at 20, a premed major at SMU and the best of the many women now diving for men's teams on U.S. campuses. She placed ninth in both one- and three-meter springboard at this year's Southwest Conference meet, but dismisses her team role by noting with a worldly air, "The men have more strength, but I've got prettier legs." Then there are such creaky veterans—all are in their early 20s—as Cynthia Potter, Janet Ely and Jerne Adair Talbert.

If these creatures are not exactly matronly, the diving situation has nevertheless changed since the 1936 Olympics, when Margorie Giesing won the springboard at 13, she is still the youngest U.S. athlete to win a gold medal in any sport. Nowadays such children are found more often in swimming, in which the need to keep one's face submerged for hours at a stretch frightens off older and presumably more sensible types.

Because there is a technique sport, divers can also expect to improve with age. This is especially true of today's crop of women. Owing to livelier boards and growing acceptance of women as true athletes, it seems that every ponytailed moppet is now doing back 2½s and other demanding maneuvers once performed only by men. The trend in women's diving is toward the acrobatic, and legs everywhere bear bruises and scars caused by collisions with the water or, worse, with diving boards. But harder dives are necessary to fend off foreign challengers, East Germans and Russians in particular, who are doing more circuslike dives, too.

"The easier dives aren't enough any more," says Captain Micki Kang, gold medalist in the springboard at the 1972 Olympics and now coach at the Air Force

continued

BURSTS OF BEAUTY AND BUBBLE GUM

Not yet out of her braces, 15-year-old Jenni Chandler is springing into prominence as a world-class diver by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

Academy. "Any girl who expects to win at Montreal in 1976 will simply have to do harder dives."

At stake is the U.S. effort to reassert its longtime superiority in world diving, which was badly undermined at Munich. Apart from King, American divers won just two medals, neither of them gold. Sweden's Ulrika Knape and Italy's Klaus Dibiasi took the platform events, and they remain the world's best off the tower. The prospect is brighter in springboard. The U.S. lost the men's title in '72 for the first time in 52 years, but Air Force Lacut, Phil Boggs, coached last winter by King, has been a world-beater recently. With King's retirement as a competitor, meanwhile, foreigners like Knape and East Germany's Krista Kehler face waves of American women, any one of whom could be No. 1 by 1976.

Jenni Chandler ranks high among the hopefuls, even though she shuns for now the circuslike dives, concentrating instead on such seemingly elementary maneuvers as reverse or backward 1½s. As if to compensate for her easy-does-it style on the springboard, Jenni is a bundle of energy away from it and has a scampish nature that is readily transmitted to others. In Winnipeg for a meet last spring she distributed bubble gum to her fellow divers and had Melissa Briley and Janet Ely racing through the corridors of their motel.

"It's easy to be a kid around Jenni," Ely says. "She's such a hot dog. She'd say, 'Let's do handsprings,' and we'd do it. I said to myself, 'Janet, what are you doing? You're 20 years old.'"

But Jenni is utterly serious about diving. Even the bubble gum has its purpose. "There's pressure in meets, but my gum gets me through," she says. "To relax I chew three sticks at once." Rolling her eyes, a favorite mannerism, she adds, "Of course, I may not have any teeth left one of these days."

During last April's AAU championships, Jenni chomped away on her gum while pacing the pool deck in a red terry-cloth robe no more than four sizes too large. The image abruptly changed on the diving board. Suddenly her jaw was still, the gum now here in evidence. Jenni's face would become angelic; her eyes mirroring the blue of the water below. She would glide into her approach, and her slender figure would rainbow outward, hanging in the air for a breathtaking instant before insinuating itself into the

water. And nobody begrudged Jenni the bubble she blew on the victory stand, while her rivals toiled to make hard dives look easy, she had made easier dives look eternal.

It is questionable, though, how much longer she can get by with just doing less difficult dives. Diving is scored by multiplying a judge's award—anywhere from zero to 40 points—by a "degree of difficulty" assigned to each dive. While her rivals gamble on hitting high-degree-of-difficulty dives, Jenni opts for artfulness and consistency. Her strategy has its parallel in prefighting, in which a boxer is presumed able to beat a puncher—unless, of course, the latter lands one.

What lowers Jenni Chandler's chances is that she is competing against dozens of knockout threats at once. Consequently she and her coach, Carlos de Cubas, are working to upgrade her list of dives. One tougher dive, a 2½ pike, was added for this week's meet in Decatur, and others are to follow. But de Cubas will not be rushed.

"My mind is fixed on Montreal," he says. "She will have to do a hard list there, but what happens now isn't important. I don't want her doing dives in competition until we know she's absolutely ready. It is better to hit an easy dive eight out of 10 times than a hard dive two out of 10."

De Cubas has taken the long view ever since Jenni Chandler first came to him as a hyperactive 7-year-old swimmer. At the time he was coaching at the Birmingham Mountain Brook Swim and Tennis Club, having fled not long before from Castro's Cuba. A charming, wavy-haired man cast in the swarthy Latin image of Cesar Romero, de Cubas sized up Jenni as a girl with a future. "She is graceful and very smart," he said. "Someday she will be a champion."

At least he may have said that. "Carlos' English wasn't too good," Jenni remembers. "He'd tell the swimmers to do four laps, only he'd hold up three fingers." His accent remains thick. At a recent workout Jenni was starting a dive when de Cubas, noting a sagging shoulder, called, "Tighten up!" Jenni tried to stop in mid-dive only to tumble helplessly into the pool. Surfacing, she asked, "What'd you say?"

"Tighten up."

She sighed. "I thought you said, 'That's enough.'"

Jenni and her coach are close and casual. At the pool, however, de Cubas formally addresses her as Jennifer and she invariably responds, "Sir?" Diving has its frustrations, with a great many variables—approach, takeoff, hurdle, the "trick," the entry—all packed into a split-second sequence. So-called perfect dives, those receiving 10s from every judge, are rare, the only one in recent memory being a backward 1½ somersault with a 2½ twist off the 10-meter tower that Californian Mike Finneran hit at the 1972 Olympic Trials. Consistency requires endless drilling, and Carlos de Cubas is a perfectionist. "Other coaches say, 'That's good enough—go on,'" says Jenni, "but Carlos makes you do it over and over. And it pays off."

Their relationship survived a crisis, thanks partly to Jenni's parents. An attractive couple still in their 30s, Terry and Kay Chandler were themselves athletes; he was a basketball star at Auburn, she a local diving champion in Atlanta. Terry Chandler went into insurance, doing well enough that he was soon dabbling in cattle, a sideline that prompts Jenni to call him "The Marlboro Man." When Jenni was seven, her father bought her a buckskin quarter horse named Promise, which promptly threw her. It was then that she was taken to de Cubas—by her mother. Her father protested vainly. "At Auburn the basketball and football players received big letters," he said. "The swimmers and divers only got iddy-biddy letters."

But Chandler came to appreciate diving, a conversion underscored both by his chairmanship of the big Decatur meet and by the \$8,000 he estimates he has shelled out in a single year for Jenni's lessons and related travel. "It's damned expensive," he complains, but it is clear that if the cost ran twice as high, he would simply go out and sell a few more group-life policies.

The crisis occurred a year after Jenni began diving. Afraid of getting hurt, many youngsters freeze on the board or develop other mental blocks, and something of the sort happened while Jenni was learning a forward 1½. At home she fell into a mysterious trance, sleeping day and night. Doctors could not find anything wrong with her.

Her parents discovered the cause by chance. "You don't have to do that new dive," Jenni was told. She snapped out of the trance. Only then did de Cubas

realize he had been pushing her too hard. "She was doing so well, I'd forgotten how young she was," he admits.

Jenni has improved rapidly ever since. In 1972, at 12, she was named best woman athlete in any sport at the U.S. Junior Olympics. In Belgium last year, on one of half-a-dozen foreign trips she has made, she won two titles for 13-14-year-olds at the world age-group championships.

To assure that their eldest daughter would continue training over the summer, the Chandlers have placed de Cubas in residence, allowing him to use their diving well for a series of clinics. Called the Four Seasons Farm and located four miles from Alabama's Talladega Speedway, the 200-acre spread is home to the Chandlers, 150 polled Herefords, three cuts, two horses, two dogs and a hamster—and for this summer, anyway, a dozen teen-age divers.

So it was that a recent drive up the ranch's mile-long blacktop road terminated with a colorful sight: rows of bath towels draped across the fences like so many semaphores. On the back lawn Kay Chandler was broiling enough hamburgers for an army. On the pool deck watching Jenni and his other divers from beneath a huge sombrero stood de Cubas. Jenni is an animal lover who enjoys helping her dad pull calves and feed the cattle, but now there is little time for that; she and the others spend four hours a day diving.

"It does get boring," Jenni said, sitting in her living room after eating a couple of hamburgers. "But if I'm doing well, I don't mind. And it's worth it for the chance to go to meets. That part is fun."

Besides doing handsprings in Winnipeg, fun for Jenni Chandler includes cutting up with pals like Carrie Irish. In Belgrade for last year's world championship, they bought roller skates and sneaked away to use them—the sort of stunt calculated to scare an injury-conscious coach to death. Carrie finished sixth in the meet, two places ahead of Jenni, largely on one dive—a reverse 2½ tuck that earned the meet's highest single score. But Carrie can disappoint as well as dazzle. Last spring she won the three-meter at the prestigious Spring Swallow meet in Russia only to show up two weeks later at the AAU championships in Dallas and, in the competition won by Jenni, place a calamitous 27th.

continued



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JENNI CHANDLER *Continued*

Carrie can blame at least some of her inconsistency on the lack of a three-meter board in her hometown of New Canaan, Conn., but she has enrolled at Ohio State where she can work year-round. "Carrie's virtually untrained," says OSU Coach Ron O'Brien. "She's quick and dynamic, and she's going to be the best springboard diver in the world."

Other three-meter contenders have had different problems. SMU's Christine Look, for example, could have made the Olympic team in 1972 except that she hit the board on one of her dives at the Trials. Look, who has a 3.8 average in premed, is a contender in platform as well as springboard. Then there is her Dallas teammate Cynthia Potter, a 23-year-old Indiana graduate who has won 18 AAU titles, many coming at the expense of archrival Micki King. But the fact that a good number of Potter's triumphs were in one-meter springboard, an event virtually ignored everywhere but in the U.S., causes King to sniff, "She can have them." And while Captain King was winning at Munich, Cindy Potter was knocking herself out of contention. She hit her foot in a practice dive off the 10-meter tower, bruising it so badly that she had to be carried to and from the Schwimmhalle.

Potter, who weighs 98 pounds and is as tightly muscled as a sprinter, suffered other injuries while diving platform, including tendinitis in an elbow, a wrenched arm, pulled shoulder muscles and torn back ligaments. In action again following an eight-month layoff during which she studied ballet, Potter has dropped the platform. "I don't want to sound like a pathetic child, but enough was enough," she says. She has enough regard for the likes of Carrie Irish to beef up her list of dives and she also is influenced by Jenni Chandler. "With me people say, 'That's the way to do that dive,'" Potter says, "but with Jenni, they say, 'Isn't that pretty.' I hope ballet will help me be a more graceful diver."

The event that gave Potter such a beating, the platform, is the equivalent of diving from a four-story building. So who would want to dive off a four-story building? Janet Ely, another of those Dallas-based divers, would. She finished fourth in both three-meter and tower at Munich, but her prospects now seem brightest from the platform. Owing to the inherent risks, but also because of a shortage of indoor facilities, this event is a little

continued



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less crowded with sensational youngsters at the moment. Ely proved the point by winning the event in the Dallas AAUs despite blowing two dives. "I've been diving platform five years, and I feel comfortable with it. Of course, it still scares me, too," she says.

Ely is pursued by such younger platform divers as Melissa Briley and Debbie Kepler, both of whom, like Ely, aspire to be artists. Melissa, a Houston native who has received an athletic scholarship to the University of Miami, is also a threat in springboard and unless her waist-length hair untangles and trips her—she braids it for diving—she could develop into the most versatile U.S. diver. As a child, Debbie, an Ohio State freshman, suffered a mental block worse than Jenni Chandler's and quit the sport for three years. She stuck to springboard until Ron O'Brien persuaded her to try tower last summer. Five weeks later she won the national outdoor championship at Louisville.

"I still don't know how Ron got me up there," Debbie says with a sigh. Her strength on tower is a ripping, splash-free entry, which has been attributed to her hyperextended elbows—but may also be caused by a desire to get the ordeal over with.

It is Carlos de Cubas' intention to have Jenni perform off the tower, too. First, of course, she must upgrade her springboard list. It might be questioned whether so elegant a diver has the strength or quickness for acrobatic maneuvers, but Jenni says, "My parents give me the old pep talk that you can do anything you set your mind to. I believe it. When I see these little 11-year-olds doing the hard dives, I feel I can, too."

She was less guarded during a break in de Cubas' backyard diving clinic. Some of the divers were in the Chandler house watching *Let's Make a Deal* on TV. Jenni and a few others were sunbathing. Coming inside, Jenni passed the table where her father was having lunch. She wore a bikini and was eating a grape Popsicle.

"You looking forward to the triple twister, Jenni?" the Marlboro Man asked, referring to one of the dives his daughter is due to learn.

Jenni had paused to examine her extended tongue, which was purple. She licked the Popsicle and rolled her eyes. Her voice was touched with sarcasm.

"Can't wait," she said.

END

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Has any athlete ever capitalized on his fame like O.J., star of screen, banquets and shopping centers? Cheered by flacks and sales reps, he scores for shades, shoes and toys **by EDWIN SHRAKE**



Do you know what is the worst thing that can happen to a golfer?" Bernie Loomis asked. "Well, it happened to me today. What do you think it is?"

Bernie Loomis had just come from the country club and was still wearing white shorts and a white golf shirt, and his face was very red beneath jagged thrusts of black and white hair. He was standing at the bar in a hospitality room in an enormous motel that wanders up a hillside in Cincinnati. Bernie is president of Kenner Products, a toy-manufacturing company with headquarters in Cincinnati, and around him a number of toy people bent forward to hear what is the worst thing that can happen to a golfer.

"Can't anybody guess?" Bernie asked. "You made a hole in one, and nobody saw it," someone said.

"Hal! That's close! That's very close!" said Bernie. "Do you want me to tell you what it is?"

"What is it, Bernie?"

"I hit a mulligan and it went in the hole!"

A mulligan is when you hit an extra ball, usually because you didn't like your first shot or because the first shot felt so good you wanted to see if you could do it again. So everybody Bernie was playing with at Crest Hills saw his hole in one, but it didn't count. People nodded and said that was a terrible thing, all right.

"Say, Bernie, when is O.J. coming?" someone asked.

"He's here. Just got in from the airport. He and Marguerite will be down in a few minutes."

In the hospitality room there were about 100 toy buyers from all over the country, and maybe 35 representatives of Kenner Products and its boss company, General Mills, makers of Wheaties. They had been lured to Cincinnati for a meeting and toy-hosting gala that included

AS A MAN FOR OFF-SEASONS, Simpson breakfasts with business manager Chuck Barnes, hosts a Boston shoe-in and looks into Paul Newman's baby blues in their new film

golf, tennis, a banquet, plenty of cocktails and tables laden with shrimp and meatballs and little sausages.

The gala included, too, as its main course, O. J. Simpson. In the last week Simpson had been at the Las Vegas Hilton for a banquet for the City of Hope Victor Award, in Chicago for the NFL Players Association dinner, in Appleton, Wis. for the 1,000 Yard Club dinner with his Buffalo offensive line as guests, in Buffalo to register his two children in school, and now to Cincinnati to pal it up with people who would buy and sell the O. J. Simpson See Action Football Game.

There may have been a few cynics in the crowd (if so, they were a secret so-



Player of the Year, Hickok Belt winner, self-made multimillionaire from off the streets, television and movie actor, etc. In other words, O. J. Simpson.

"What's he like?"

"Who, the Juice? Haven't you met the Juice?"

"Not yet."

"Hell of a guy. Real man and nice as can be."

"He sure fills out a shirt, hey. I'll tell you that."

Upstairs Simpson and his wife Marguerite were sprawled on a king-size bed in their suite. They were very tired, and Marguerite could dredge up little joy at the idea of going down to mingle with the toy people. Marguerite is an exotically beautiful woman who has studied the art of makeup and uses it with stunning effect. She had brought enough suitcases to fill half of a room. All she wanted to do was unpack and watch television, but O.J. got up and put his tennis shoes back on.

"We ought to go on down," O.J. said.

"It won't take long."

"All right, for a little while," Marguerite said.

"We have to sacrifice a lot of privacy," said O.J. "When we go out to eat,

for example, there's always somebody coming over to talk or get an autograph. Sometimes it bothers the people I'm with but it doesn't bother me."

"He likes it," Marguerite said.

As soon as they stepped off the elevator they disappeared into a forest of toy people. O.J. was shaking hands, signing autographs, laughing, answering questions, grinning for cameras, being steered through the room. Marguerite's eyes went sort of glassy. The makeup didn't hide that.

In the morning O.J. went on a bus tour with the toy people over to the plant where Kenner makes Play-Doh, a substance that can be modeled somewhat like soft clay into little airplanes and heads and so forth. Play-Doh, in case you have never eaten any, is made largely from cake flour and tastes pretty good. Kenner sold more than \$10 million worth last year.

"Sports toys are getting to be a hot item," a Kenner man was saying. "I don't mean games, they've done pretty well for a long time. I mean toys. We've got a girl doll that can swing a baseball bat or hit a golf ball. We've got a motorcycle toy that works on compressed air.

continued

ciety), but most of the toy people were as thrilled as little boys at the prospect of standing close to the first man who ever gained more than 2,000 yards running with the ball in a single National Football League season. All-America at USC, Heisman Trophy winner by the biggest vote margin of all time, NFL

You pump it up just right and the little guy on the motorcycle shoots off down a chute and flies off in the air. We also have the T.P. Challenge Set, endorsed by Debbie Lawler. That's her over there."

Sure enough, there was Debbie Lawler, the pretty blonde girl who jumps over obstacles on her motorcycle and endorses nearly everything she is riding or wearing. She was still jumping slightly from her last week.

"O.J., I know you'll believe this just by taking a look at me. I'm an eater," the woman said.

O.J. looked at her and smiled. She was decidedly an eater. He was standing now at the gate to the tennis courts at Crest Hills Country Club, tennis racket in hand, tennis outfit on, ready to play tennis with the toy people. "For an eater like me to skip my lunch just to come over and shake hands with you, well, you know it just has to be a supreme compliment," the woman said.

She shook O.J.'s hand and walked off through a dozen other women who were studying Simpson as if they'd like to offer him the keys to the car.

"Where you going now? To lunch?" O.J. yelled after the woman and laughed.

"That's O.J. Simpson there," another woman said.

"Which one? How can you tell?"

"He's, uh, well, he's the only, uh, . . ."

Right. The other blacks at Crest Hills Country Club that day were cutting grass or polishing shoes in the locker room.

O.J. played six sets of tennis with the toy people in the next four hours while Marguerite went shopping with Mrs. Lillian Loomis, Bernie's wife. Then O.J. walked outside to look for a ride back to the motel. About a dozen toy people followed him.

"Hey, Juice. What say, Juice?"

"It's cool," said O.J.

"I didn't mean anything by that, O.J. Just trying to make a wisecrack."

"I said it's cool, man."

At the motel O.J. changed clothes. He came back to the country club to speak at the banquet. There was an empty chair at the table beside him. The name card said: *was, someone*. "Marguerite's about had it with all this traveling," O.J. said. "I think she's going back to L.A. in the morning."

Then he was on his feet in front of a microphone. After many years of receiv-

ing awards and attending banquets, stretching back into high school, Simpson has become a smooth, confident public speaker, and his physical presence is impressive. He talked about how great he thinks the offensive team at Buffalo is. He said he thinks with any luck he can break last year's rushing record. He said he felt very low a couple of years ago, but now he wants to play until Buffalo gets into the Super Bowl. He held up an O.J. Simpson See Action Football Game so the buyers could look at the box with the picture of O.J. on it. "The better I do my job on the field, the easier it will be for you to do your jobs in your field," he said. The toy people cheered.

Later he spoke for dozens of photographs with the toy people. O.J. moved a lot of football games that day.

In this last off-season O.J. Simpson probably made more public appearances and possibly more money than any other athlete ever. Exactly how many appearances is lost somewhere in a maze of credit-card bills, but O.J. seldom visited his big Bel Air home, above the smog line in Los Angeles. During this period O.J. also worked in two to-be-released films—*The Klansman* with Richard Burton and Lee Marvin and *The Fanning Inferno* with Paul Newman, Steve McQueen and Fred Astaire—and has committed weekends to New York for his job as a commentator on ABC-TV's *Wide World of Sports*. "Getting from Oroville, Calif. [where *The Klansman* was shot] to New York on Friday night and back to Oroville by Monday morning was crazy. It was practically suicide," O.J. says. He did it eight times.

Although O.J. now pays his own bills and handles his own business affairs for O.J. Simpson Enterprises with the help of an accountant and an attorney, and has a movie agent named Jack Gilardi, his off-season schedule is still arranged by his original agent, Chuck Barnes, and by Marilyn O'Brien, vice-president of Sports Headliners, Inc.

Sports Headliners, Inc. has an office that opens onto a swimming pool in Marina del Rey, a condominium city on the ocean near the Los Angeles airport. In a time when star athletes are packaged and sold like Baby Ruth bars, their names stuck on everything from cologne to cricket bats, with Rotary Clubs and the U.S. Congress requesting their appearances, Chuck Barnes has done very well

for himself and most of his clients.

"I'd been working with automobile-racing people for 15 years," Barnes said, sitting on a couch in the living room of his office, with paintings of O.J. Simpson and Calvin Hill on the walls, one of O.J.'s trophies on the coffee table and a Franco Harris cushion on the floor. "I'd see racing people get accustomed to going first class and then find out it was all over for them. It's a tough adjustment to make. So I got into the business of trying to expand their incomes and get them something for the future."

Thirty days after O.J. got out of USC, Barnes arranged for him to sign a personal service contract to promote Chevrolets. Next came a contract with RC Cola, which was then considering marketing an orange drink. Simpson meanwhile had been offered \$200,000 to sign a one-year contract to play for Indianapolis in the old Continental League, and Barnes was negotiating a \$300,000 four-year contract with Buffalo and trying to persuade Bills' Owner Ralph Wilson to trade O.J. to Los Angeles or San Francisco, where he could have sold a lot of season tickets.

"Frankly, we were afraid O.J. would be buried at Buffalo," Barnes said. "We knew the personnel they had then and figured O.J. didn't have much of a chance to do anything except get hurt. So I went to work at once on a network TV deal to keep him visible. ABC said they'd film O.J.'s Continental League games to use on *Wide World of Sports*, but Chevrolet and RC Cola didn't want O.J. to play in the Continental League, and in the end he signed with Buffalo."

A \$300,000 four-year contract doesn't sound like quite so much now (Barnes' client Calvin Hill signed earlier this year with *Hansen of the World Football League* for more than \$1 million) but \$300,000 was only part of what O.J. was earning. Buffalo had a 46,000-seat stadium in those days; O.J.'s commercial value to the Bills was what he could draw on the road. His presence enabled the Bills, a weak team then, to schedule exhibition games in big stadiums. Now Buffalo has an 80,000-seat stadium and last year led the NFL in attendance. O.J. signed a new contract at midseason that runs through 1977, and is reportedly worth a lot more than \$300,000.

And along came Kenner Products with a personal service contract that calls for TV commercials and provides a royalty

continued



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for the O.J. football games. The Juice also serves as official spokesman for Hyde Sport-bitt shoes. And makes Schick commercials. And commercials for Foster Grant sunglasses that include Marguerite and the children. And commercials for Trau & Loevner, Inc., makers of T-shirts and other "soft goods," that are supposed to include members of the Buffalo line, with Guard Reggie McKenzie saying, "I'm a member of the Electric Company. We turn on the Juice." And he has TV and movie jobs. And gets \$2,000 for speaking at a banquet.

"But a lot of appearances O.J. makes, he does for nothing," said Marilyn O'Brien. "We're directing the life of a legend, you know. He knows he owes something to society."

O. J. Simpson is a pretty good gin-rummy player. He is said to have had heavily into the wages of many technicians during the filming of *The Kluge*. The great thing about playing with him this day on a flight to Saginaw, Mich., via Dayton and Flint, was that it was the tornado season and the plane moved in bounding leaps, and the cards kept flying into the air, thus slowing the game to a reasonable pace.

And what was O. J. Simpson doing being hurled through boiling Midwest skies? Was he on his way to address a used-car-dealers rally for his \$2,000 fee and a year's supply of spare parts for the Cadillac and Mercedes that he and Marguerite garage back home by the big house where visitors hang around as if it were a hotel lobby?

As a matter of fact he was going to Saginaw because a friend, Jerry Patton, who played defensive tackle for Buffalo before he was traded to Philadelphia, had asked him to. Patton's idea was to get O. J. to come in for a day and visit around with a lot of kids and talk them into playing football instead of basketball. That may sound like a peculiar way for a star to spend his time, but O. J. appears to value a friendship and he appreciates what Jerry Patton has done for him. "I'll tell you one thing about Jerry, he's a tackle who never lost a game for us," O. J. said. "He may not have always beat his man, but Jerry would never make you lose a game because of it. I was sorry to see him traded."

"Well, I've got to go around the world to throw this card, but at least it's safe."
"Gin."

"What? Impossible?"

"With all this traveling I've been doing, I'm looking forward to going to training camp. At camp they tell you where you're supposed to be at what time, what you can eat, what time you go to sleep and get up. You never have to worry about an airplane ticket or a hotel room, you just go where they point you. There's something comforting about it."

"Did you really say gin?"

"Looks like 63 points to me."

Then they met him at the airport. Patton, tall and burly and bearded, Reggie McKenzie, even taller, wearing a T-shirt and shorts, looking like the absolute king of the mountain, a man you wouldn't mess with for \$1,000 a minute, an old friend, Scrap Iron, wearing his pants pulled up high, a kind of weary and cool look in his eye, Patton's younger brother, also in a T-shirt and shorts, and another fellow, quite dapper in a suit and a hat, driving a Lincoln Continental with a sliding sun roof.

"Yyyowwwwwww!" cried Patton and McKenzie.

"Yyyowwwwwww!" cried O. J.

They took O. J. to Delta State College, where he sat in a patio and answered questions and then was interviewed with McKenzie on a local television show.

"When I was drafted by Buffalo from the University of Michigan in 1972, I had already been to a Rose Bowl, and I lived with six guys, and we shared our own thing," McKenzie said. "So I didn't look at O. J. as any kind of superstar. I just had a job to do. But as time went on I realized what that man can do. If you hold your block a couple of seconds, he's gone."

O. J. said he never had played for a team that took a lot of drugs or regularly shot up injured players so they could play, but he said he never had played for San Diego, either. "My wife and I discussed the possibility of not playing this year," he said. "Financially we can do all right without it. But I want to play until Buffalo gets into the Super Bowl and then I want to step out on top, when it's my choice and not anybody else's."

After the interview O. J. decided he needed a pair of blue loafers. He was going to have dinner the next night in Detroit with Bill's Owner Wilson, and O. J. had only tennis shoes. He decided he would rather wear blue loafers to go with the dark blue suit, but he didn't want patent leather or stack heels. There is a shopping mall in Saginaw that has several

shoe stores, and Patton took him there.

At once O. J. attracted crowds. Here were all these people who had no reason really to know O. J. Simpson was going to be walking through their shopping mall, but all of a sudden they poured around him wanting autographs, touches of flesh, just a look, an acknowledgment. They thrust at him menus, napkins, note-paper, receipts. He kept signing them. "O. J. Simpson, No. 31." A visitor had noted this oddity earlier when he happened to recognize in the portrait in Chuck Barnes' office that O. J. wears No. 32. "It's because when he was a kid he was so poor that he had a broken pen that he had to hold down by the tip to keep it together, and that's the way he learned to write, with his 2s looking like 1s," Marilyn O'Brien had explained. Could this be true? "That's the story," said Marilyn. O. J. said he was writing 32, not 31.

A couple of young cops walked up to O. J., who was standing beside a planter box on a big aisle of the mall. The cops were white and had fairly long hair and mustaches. One seemed a bit embarrassed but the other told O. J. he would have to leave the mall because he was causing a public nuisance. He was drawing too big a crowd. "Man, I would think what you would want to have in a shopping mall is a crowd," O. J. said. Wrong, said the cop, you got to go.

"I got to find some soft blue loafers," O. J. said.

"He wants to go to the hotel and rest. He wants to get something to eat, he wants to buy shoes, all at the same time, that's the Juice," chuckled Patton. "You got to let him walk it off. Man, he'll do what's right."

O. J. went to Patton's folks' house. It is a couple of blocks off the freeway. They had prepared a little snack of 60 pounds of barbecued ribs that had been soaked in water and vinegar and then cooked over a low fire long enough for the meat to slide right off and leave the bone clean. Also macaroni and cheese, baked beans, turnip greens, corn bread. Served on tables set up in the garage and backyard. With neighbors dropping in. Not your common Hollywood ambience. Not your ordinary superstar eating it, either.

"Some of the brothers say that man don't need all he got," said one of the neighbors, looking at O. J. scooping greens into his mouth and bring meat off the ribs. "But I say, man, look how good he looks doing it." **END**



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—K. L. Berry, Chairman and President, Standard Oil Co. (Indiana)

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We're betting we can lick the problems and come up with the oil our country needs at prices people can afford. And the stakes are high — ultimately we'll spend over \$2 billion over the next 8 to 10 years to get this oil to market.

But we're going to get it there — and keep it flowing. Once we do, our country will be just that much less dependent on foreign sources. And we think that's good for all of us.



Standard Oil Company (Indiana)



STEALING ONTO THE AIR

For many years the Los Angeles Dodgers have operated two highly successful farm systems. The more renowned delivers young players to Manager Walt Alston, who then molds them into fine Dodger teams. The second system mysteriously transports retired Dodgers to broadcasting booths at ball parks all around the major leagues. In recent seasons you could turn on a TV set or a radio almost anywhere in North America and hear a former Dodger announcing. Don Drysdale (California Angels), Sandy Koufax (formerly NBC-TV), Duke Sander (Montreal, San Diego), Pee Wee Reese (Montreal, Cincinnati, NBC), Muecat Grant (Cleveland), Wes Parker (Cincinnati), Leo Durocher (NBC), Bobby Bragan (Fort Worth) and Maury Wills (NBC).

As a result of the limitations under which he presently works, Wills has had very little exposure, and we are all the poorer for it. Before the 1973 season NBC hired him as an analyst for its "back-up game," that strange adjunct to the Saturday afternoon and Monday night Game of the Week productions that receives nationwide airing only when the "prime game" is rained out. So far Wills has had the opportunity to analyze nationally only five times.

Trying to figure out how NBC schedules the Monday night version of the Game of the Week frequently baffles baseball fans. The network has exclusive television rights to all Monday night games in the major leagues, but those rights are encumbered by an odd blackout rule stipulating that the cities of the teams playing in the prime game cannot view their own clubs. While it is logical to protect the home team's attendance by showing only the back-up game in its city, it makes no sense to blackout the city of the visitors. The ban can be lifted only by unanimous vote of the major league owners. Baseball's owners agree about as often as Bobby Fischer plays chess in public.

The back-up differs from the prime game in that fewer cameras are used (three to five) and the production crew consists of 30 persons instead of 60. And being a back-up announcer also means that you spend a lot of Monday nights in Houston's Astrodome without ever getting to say you're sorry.

When Wills first signed on with NBC,

many broadcasting people thought he might fail because he lacked a sense of humor. The media folks overlooked the fact that during his 14-year baseball career Wills was hardly an ordinary player. He was a light show in spikes. More than any other performer of the '60s, he changed baseball from a game of power to one of speed by reviving the stolen base as a major offensive tactic. He worked hard to improve his skills and forge them into sensory weapons. In the process he also developed a broad knowledge of baseball.

Wills' early broadcasts left Jim Simpson, his frequent partner on back-up telecasts, frustrated. "He seemed timid about speaking up and I finally had to say to him, 'Maury, don't worry about taking away from the play-by-play,'" Simpson says. "You're working for NBC because you stole 104 bases. People want to hear what you have to say. I never captured the Dodgers."

Wills admits that he did not force himself on the audience. "I didn't want to come in and try to take over," he says. "When you're traded from one team to another you must earn respect, not demand it. I had problems and I still have some. I tend to chew off the endings of my words. That may be O.K. in normal conversation, but it's magnified on television. The network told me to take dictation lessons and I am. In some ways I'm like a pitcher trying to get his fastball, breaking pitch and motion together. That simply can't be done in just a couple of games."

Still, Wills' progress has pleased the producers for whom he has worked. "Maury has developed fast," says NBC's Jim Maroney. "He tells the guys down in the truck what to look for and that enables them to tell the cameramen what to watch. That way we get better replays. He's going at this with the same dedication he gave to playing."

On a recent telecast Wills ranged as far as he did in his shortstopping days to give



QUESTIONER WILLS TRIES TO GET A HIDE OUT OF ROSE

the audience a variety of fact and opinion.

"The next pitch is going to be a pitchout. I ought to know a pitchout sign, I've seen enough of them" (It was.)

"The other evening Frisbees were given out as a game in Atlanta and the game almost was forfeited when they were thrown on the field. How can you be given a Frisbee and not throw it?"

"Anybody who hits behind a base-stealer like Lou Brock is going to lose about 25 points off his batting average. I know because that's what I cost Junior Gilliam."

"There is no way a major league player can let a fly ball drop because the sun got in his eyes. When it happens it is scored as a hit. It is not a hit, it is an error."

Wills has made up his mind that he will not take those "if we get the hitting and the pitching and the fielding and avoid injuries we will win" answers from players. "If you take that, you'll take anything," he says. "I think I have enough rapport with the players and enough knowledge of the game to ask things that will get interesting answers."

Not too long ago Wills asked Met Pitcher Jon Matlack, "Did you feel you got a good shake from the umpire?"

"There were a few pitches I thought he missed," Matlack replied.

Baseball audiences are not used to such answers, mostly because they are not accustomed to such questions.

END

He calls 'em as he feels 'em

Ex-Lion Ron Luciano has tackled both umpiring and ornithology

Every so often Ron Luciano receives a registered letter from the American League president that reads something like this: "Dear Mr. Luciano: I am not firing you at this time, but your actions of such-and-such a date once again were unbecoming of a major league umpire." In fact, Luciano expects another of these official missives any hour now because one night last week in Minnesota he clapped his hands and yelled "Salvatore, attababy *pawano*!" when Oakland's Sal Bando trotted back out to third base after hitting a two-run homer against the Twins. Save the postage, Mr. President. The time to send all your "Dear Mr. Luciano" letters is when Mr. Luciano begins to take the game, its people and its environs too seriously.

Luciano has always bullied the gray-flannel members of baseball's Establishment because they cannot understand why a former All-American tackle and pro football player who now spends his odd hours watching birds and reading Shakespeare's tragedies is even working as an umpire. The 6'4" Luciano, whose weight fluctuates between 250 and 270 pounds, started as a two-way tackle on a pair of Syracuse University bowl teams. Drafted No. 2 by the Detroit Lions in 1959, Luciano suffered a serious shoulder injury when Big Daddy Lipscomb bowled him over in the College All-Star Game and barely survived three injury-riddled pro seasons.

Seeking a new athletic interest, Luciano became a minor league umpire in 1964. Four years later he graduated to the American League, and his problems with

the authorities began almost immediately. At five one morning the chief of Luciano's umpiring crew happened to spot the rookie roaming around the roof of a hotel carrying a pair of binoculars. The word quickly went out: "Luciano's a Peeping Tom."

Confronted with the charges, Luciano explained to the crew chief that he was an ornithologist. The only birds that the crew chief knew were the Baltimore Orioles, so Luciano invited him to tag along on one of his regular 5 a.m. expeditions. "Still he didn't believe me until I showed him a catalog of my sightings and then identified such birds as a house sparrow, a marsh wren and a thrasher," says Luciano, who raises about 80 quail and 50 chukar on his farm near Endicott, N.Y.

Besides studying birds, Luciano also reads constantly. "I majored in math at Syracuse but took a lot of literature courses," he says. "I don't understand Shakespeare's sonnets at all, but I follow his tragedies. I like the mean characters, people like Macbeth's wife. Hey, you've got to be a masochist to be an umpire, right?"

On the field, Luciano likes to put on a little drama of his own. He is a rebel, an individualist and, now that Emmett Ashford has retired, perhaps the only umpire in the game who makes a theatrical event of a routine out. American League umpires are supposed to work from behind second base, but Luciano frequently stands National League-style between the pitcher and the second-base bag. American League umpires are never, never supposed to talk to their partners or to the players during the breaks between innings, but in a game last week there was Luciano walking over to speak with Second Base Umpire Art Frantz. Oops, there went Frantz, walking away from Luciano. "It's all right for Ron to do these things because he's single," Frantz says. "But I've got a wife, four kids and a mortgage. The more people who don't know my name, the better."

"I need the identity," Luciano explains. "It is hard work trying to stay awake during a 9-0 game."

These antics are usually followed by "Dear Mr. Luciano" letters from the president. "I'll never forget one of those letters," Luciano says. "Tommy John was pitching for the White Sox against the Orioles and accidentally dropped the ball behind him during his motion. He completed his delivery, and as a joke I

called 'steak-rike' on the batter. The batter, Don Buford, was aghast. He looked at me as though I was crazy. And out on the mound John was falling all over himself with laughter. I changed the call to 'no peach,' of course, but John couldn't stop laughing. He walked the next three batters, gave up a double and was taken out of the game. He laughed all the way to the showers." Then-League President Joe Cronin did not appreciate the humor and sent Luciano a registered letter the next day.

He could have sent Luciano one on almost every play, since the huge umpire never simply calls a man "safe" or "out." He gestures wildly, dancing on one foot and waving his hands in all directions. "I get excited," he says. "The other umpires claim I should be demure, and they're always telling me to stop jumping around. I can't. I get involved. That's me." One night Luciano gave an "out" sign at home plate by pumping his right hand a dozen times. "I was so carried away that I never saw the ball rolling to the backstop," he says. "Fortunately, someone pointed to the loose ball and I changed my call."

Although he is now in his sixth season of umpiring, Luciano does not expect to make it his career. "I'd like to get into



BAROGLATER LUCIANO HAWKING IT UP

baseball administration," he says. "As an umpire I never get the winning feeling I had as an athlete. Umpires can never be up, but we can get down. Our day never comes. We can't redeem ourselves after missing a play. No wonder I have an ulcer."

THE WEEK

(July 4-10)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NL WEST The airtight pitching of Atlanta's Phil Niekro was punctured when San Diego's Willie McCovey bopped a homer in the ninth to deprive him of a third consecutive shutout. Niekro held on to win that game 5-2 and later beat Philadelphia 11-4 for his 13th victory. Also helping the Braves build the league's best record for the week (6-2) were Ron Reed, who downed the Astros 1-0, Henry Aaron, who slugged two homers in a game for the 62nd time, Ralph Garr, who averaged 429, and Durrell Evans, who finished off the Phils 3-2 with an 11th-inning sacrifice fly.

While the Reds and Dodgers struggled for first place (page 22), Houston lost its battle with Atlanta for third. The Astros defeated the Braves 6-4 on Cliff Johnson's fourth pinch homer of the season. But Houston lost four of its other six games, all by one run.

A humming defense and a mediocre offense have hampered San Francisco, but they may have made a better pitcher out of Jim Barr. "I go out every game throwing as hard as I can, thinking I need a shutout to win," Barr says. He has won six times in the past four weeks, and his most recent victory, a 1-0 whitewash of the Cubs, was his second shutout during that period.

San Diego was 2-4 for the week, and has lost 13 of 17 since Bobby Tolan was sidelined for knee surgery.

LA 36-46 CIN 46-46 ATL 50-54

HOUS 55-55 SF 51-53 SD 46-56

NL EAST Frustrated by his team's three losses at the beginning of the week, Montreal Owner Charles Bronfman compared watching the Expos to eating peanuts. "You get a bad one, but you keep digging into the bag. You know eventually you're going to pick out one that tastes good." Montreal promptly came out of its shell winning four straight with the help of Catcher Barry Foote, whose home run curved around the foul pole to defeat Houston 2-1.

With Joe Torre batting .441, Lou Brock hitting .381 and stealing nine bases to bring

his total to 77, and Ted Simmons grand slugging Los Angeles 5-3, St. Louis stayed atop the East. The Phillies moved briefly into a tie for the lead by defeating the Cardinals 6-1 in the first game of a doubleheader, as Mike Schmidt hit his 24th and 25th home runs. St. Louis took the next two, 11-9 and 3-2, winning the latter on Simmons' game-tying, two-run homer in the ninth and Torre's RBI single in the 13th.

Pittsburgh took five of seven, including a three-game sweep of the Mets. The Pirates damped New York 10-4 on a three-batter by rookie Larry Dertny, 4-3 on a ninth-inning home run by Richie Zisk and 9-8 as they scored three times in the ninth and won in the 11th on an error.

Chicago lost five of six. Two of the defeats were galling one-run games against the Phillies, who won one on a fluke hit and the other on a two-run bloop double.

ST. L 50-55 PHIL 56-55 PITT 56-56
MONT 54-58 NY 48-62 CHI 46-54

AL WEST Kansas City had a royal time, batting .337 for the week and winning seven of eight games, including a 17-3 blitzing of Minnesota. Not even the loss of slugging John Mayberry with a broken hand dented the onslaught. Amos Otis scored 14 runs, drove in 11 and hit .433, Hal McRae had 10 RBIs and batted .469; George Brett averaged .448, and Orlando Cepeda, in his first six games back in the majors, knocked home a dozen runs.

Oakland lost 2½ games of its lead to the slugging Royals, but things could have been worse for the A's. Vida Blue was hospitalized with severe chest pains, and it was feared he had suffered a heart attack. The anxiety ended when Blue's malady was diagnosed as nothing more than acute indigestion caused by eating greasy pork ribs. Thus, the A's survived another internal disorder and like most that have plagued them this season it had a happy resolution. Four days after being hospitalized, Blue stopped Boston 5-3 for his 14th win.

Chicago helped bring the league batting average up to .265—the highest in the majors since National Leaguers hit .265 in 1954. The White Sox averaged .306 and crushed 10 homers. That gave Chicago 111 for the season, equalling its total for all last year. Dick Allen socked three of them to increase his major league-leading total to 31.

Texas lost four of eight and dropped to fourth place, even though Ferguson Jenkins topped Oakland 1-0 for his 15th win. The Rangers stranded 22 men in another victory, a 4-3, 14-inning affair with the Tigers. In the twelfth inning, rookie Catcher Jim Sundberg picked a runner off second base, gunned down another trying to steal and later scored the winning run.

Minnesota's record was 5-5, and Second

Baseman Rod Carew committed four errors. He now has 24 for the year, a personal high for one season.

Nolan Ryan of California came within two outs of his third no-batter before Allen beat out an infield roller. Then an error and singles by Ken Henderson and Bill Sharpe made Ryan a 2-1 loser to Chicago.

OAK 57-48 KC 56-53 CRI 56-55
TEX 56-57 MINN 56-60 CAL 46-70

AL EAST "It's unbelievable. No tricks, just good old-fashioned smokes. Three men who can him in the bullpen." That was Carl Yastrzemski's terse appraisal of the revitalized relief corps that helped Boston pad its lead to four games with a 5-3 week. Diego Segui sealed both ends of a doubleheader sweep against Milwaukee with 4½ innings of scoreless relief. Then Dick Drago and Bob Veale preserved a 1-0, two-hit victory over the Brewers for Roger Maris, who went 7½ innings before yielding a hit.

Bobby Grich of Baltimore often feels physically drained and needs sweets for quick energy. In an effort to stay away from candy bars, he makes a beeline for the honey and feels it has "been good for me in many ways." It certainly was the sweet pick-me-up he needed to combine with Paul Blair for seven hits, 10 runs scored and six RBIs, as the Orioles stung the Tigers 7-4 and 6-3 in a doubleheader. Bull, that was not enough to send the Birds off on one of their typical late-season flights to the top. Very untypical fielding troubles kept Baltimore grounded in third place. During one Keystone Kops misadventure, Centerfielder Blair threw the ball to the wrong base, Third Baseman Brooks Robinson relayed it back to the outfield and Rich Coggins fired it into the Orioles dugout.

More inept play by Baltimore enabled New York to gain a 4-3 win as the Yankees scored one run on a botched grounder, another when Robinson moved a tag during a rundown and the game-clincher when Thurman Munson dashed home from second on an infield hit.

Floundering Detroit came through with late-inning rallies to beat Cleveland 3-2 and 4-3, but dropped six of its last eight outings. That enabled Milwaukee to leave last place for a day before losing 1-0 and 13-3 and becoming the cellar-dweller again.

Minority, it is said, loves company, which is certainly true in Cleveland, where a whole tribe of Indians suddenly have become chums with adversity. Jack Brohamer, John Ellis and George Hendrick all had hamstring problems, Buddy Bell required back-knee, and Gaylord Perry's pride—and ERA—were damaged in two more losses.

BOS 52-51 CLEV 57-54 BAL 57-55
NY 55-57 DET 54-60 MIL 53-61

Evert in a losing effort

Despite being beaten by another filly, Quaze Quilt, in the Alabama, Carl Rosen's Triple Crown heroine may take on the colts in the Travers

The beautiful track at Saratoga, where fast horses have been racing for 111 years, has not been called the Graveyard of Favorites for nothing. It was there that Man o' War was beaten for the only time, by Upset in the 1919 Sanford; it was here that long shot Jim Dandy whipped Triple Crown winner Gallant Fox in the 1930 Travers; and it was there, just a year ago, that Secretariat came a cropper to Onion in the Whitney.

The track was up to its old tricks again last week as everybody's darling, Triple Crown filly winner Chris Evert, fresh from her astounding 50-length match race triumph over Miss Musket at Hollywood Park, was upset in the mile-and-a-quarter Alabama. A near-record crowd of 28,011 showed up for the 94th Alabama—no filly in Saratoga history had ever brought them out in larger numbers—and after this throng sent Chris Evert off as the odds-on favorite to win her fifth straight stakes this year, it fell into a gloomy, sympathetic near silence when she failed by a narrowing neck to overhaul Fred Hooper's Kentucky Oaks winner Quaze Quilt.

The Alabama was, in effect, another match race, for none of the other six fillies was ever seriously in the hunt. A few hours before the race Quaze Quilt's scheduled jockey, Miguel Rivera, begged off the mount with a stomachache. Hooper himself—not his trainer, Chuck Parke—looked over a list of eight available top riders and settled on veteran Heliodoro Gustines. In the walking ring, where Hooper and Parke huddled with Gustines and Laffit Pincay, who rode Special Team, the other half of the 5-to-1 Hooper entry, Gustines's orders were simple: set the pace or try to steal it.

He couldn't have carried them out more brilliantly. Taking the lead at the start, Quaze Quilt was a length and a half in front down the backstretch, Jorge Ve-

lasquez always had Chris Evert in second, with the others, including second-choice Maude Muller, hopelessly out of it. Few seemed to realize that Gustines was both setting a heady pace and stealing the race. After a first quarter in :23½, the half-mile in :47½ and the six furlongs in 1:11½ he had the mile in 1:36½—still with the length-and-a-half lead. But at the head of the stretch the crowd cheered as it saw Velasquez get into Chris Evert and send her off on her typical tail-swishing charge.

Velasquez whipped her, the tail swished, but she couldn't make up ground. Only in the last three strides did she close on Quaze Quilt, but she was a neck too late as the winner crossed the finish in the stakes-record time of 2:02½. "God, she was game today," Hooper exclaimed of his chestnut.

A special sadness was generated by Chris Evert's defeat because her owner and trainer, Carl Rosen and Joe Trovato, had announced that if she did win the Alabama they would ask her to come right back this Saturday and go another mile and a quarter—against colts in the Travers. Not since 1867 has that race been won by a filly. "I'm not interested in reading past history," said Rosen the day before the Alabama. "I'm only interested in making new history."

Even after her defeat Chris Evert's team still had not ruled out the possibility of her running against the colts, who will be led by Little Current, the Preakness and Belmont winner, and himself a narrow loser in his last race, the Monmouth Invitational. "If we see that she came out all right, we still may run," Rosen said.

But the California adventure may have taken more out of Chris Evert than was imagined. Although she won the match in a romp, Chris Evert blitzed the first three-quarters in 1:08½, which may well have removed some of her zip at the

Spa. Then too, Saratoga's surface is more tiring than Hollywood Park's, and in preparing for a major Saratoga stakes it is always advisable to get a race over the track. Quaze Quilt won a seven-furlong prep for the Alabama 10 days beforehand.

While Rosen and Trovato debated the decision to try the Travers, all the evidence suggests that 3-year-old fillies have less chance against colts of a comparable age than do female horses running against males at any other age. Why is this so? The opinion shared by Trainer John Jacobs and veterinarian William Reed is that many fillies at two are like human tomboys of 11 or 12, often stronger and quicker than boys their own age. But a 3-year-old filly compares to a 15- or 16-year-old girl who is maturing through cyclical changes of womanhood. These bodily alterations reduce her effectiveness against males for that year or so, but by the time the filly has turned four or five—and with the advantages given to her on the scale of weights—she can often more than hold her own again against male opposition.

The last filly to start in the Kentucky Derby was Silver Spoon, who finished fifth in 1959, although she had won the Santa Anita Derby earlier that spring. Regret, in 1915, is still the only filly Derby winner, and of the four to win the Preakness, none has triumphed since Nellie Morse in 1924. Two of the 106 Belmont winners have been fillies, Ruthless (also the only female Travers winner) in 1867 and Tanya in 1905.

Nonetheless, there are two outstanding modern exceptions to the rule: Misty Morn won the 1955 Gallant Fox Handicap, and just last November, Dahlia beat colts and horses in the Washington, D.C. International at Laurel. So if Chris Evert does go in the Travers, she has a bit of precedence on her side. Trovato says, "I think the mile and a quarter will suit her better, too, than say, the Marlboro Cup, which is a mile and an eighth and where she'd have to meet older horses like Forego and True Knight."

And if she does go in the Travers Stakes, Chris Evert will get a weight allowance in acknowledgment of her sex. She will also have two other advantages against Little Current: she's the one who has had a race over the track and he's the one who'll be the favorite at the Graveyard. **END**

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A Series of Trials and Tribulations

Although training a retriever is hardly duck soup, the participants get to whistle while they work

Its adherents claim that no sport is more demanding, time-consuming and nerve-racking than running a retriever in field trials. Some retriever addicts train or trial 365 days a year, and this commitment is necessary if success is to follow. Ordinarily, it takes several years of hard work to qualify a dog for either the National Amateur or the National Open, and the average age of a dog in a National is six.

Licensed trials are held throughout the U.S. every week except in December and January, when many dogs are taken South or to California for two months of intensive training. For a field trialer the hours are onerous: trials begin early Friday morning and end late Sunday. On a Thursday evening handlers and their dogs start arriving at field-trial headquarters, usually a motel in the backwoods, handy to the swamps and fields that serve as the trial grounds.

The retriever people are occupationally a disparate lot—fireman, airline captain, housewife, contractor, doctor, lawyer, Wall Street chief—but sartorially they are strangely of a piece. There is a profusion of fedoras studded with club medallions, whose jackets that enable a handler to stand out against the background when he or she seeks to direct a dog at 100 yards, and always—but always—a lanyard with two whistles, usually plastic, hung around the neck. Why *two* whistles? One might not work. Why plastic? In cold weather metal can stick to the lips. Retriever people leave little to chance. Through experience, they have arrived at Branch Rickey's great truth: luck is the residue of design.

Above all, there are the dogs. Excited dogs, ecstatic dogs, dogs that would gladly swim the English Channel to retrieve a feather duster. Under American Kennel

continued







Club rules, six breeds are permitted to compete in retriever field trials: the Labrador, the golden, the Chesapeake Bay, the flat-coated, the curly-coated and the Irish water spaniel. The Labrador dominates the field, and about 90% of competing dogs are black Labs. In the U.S. the yellow Lab is a favorite in the show ring, but in the field the black Lab rules.

A number of golden retrievers and some Chesapeakes have done well in trials, but, so the thinking goes, goldens do not like the water as much as Labs, and Chessies are considered hard-headed. Flat-coated and curly-coated retrievers are rarely seen, and an Irish water spaniel last competed in a licensed trial a couple of years ago. He was eliminated after he suddenly stopped halfway back from his retrieve to dig a hole to bury the duck.

The sport of field trialing retrievers started in England at the turn of the century and began in this country in the 1930s on Long Island under the aegis of the Big Rich. In the last 10 years the sport has grown enormously, mostly for the simple reason that a lot of people are attracted by a dog that does something. It is still possible to buy a pup of good breeding for \$250 or \$300, sometimes even less, but older dogs that have been working well command a high price. Recently a very promising 2½-year-old sold for \$23,000, and a field champion brought \$30,000. Last year there were 22,000 entries in licensed trials, almost triple the number for 1963.

Although the sport has spread, Long Island remains its spiritual home, and the photographs shown here were taken at the spring trials of the Long Island Retriever Field Trial Club. A number of established amateur handlers competed, including August Belmont, Roger Vaselias and Mrs. George H. (Torchy) Flinn Jr., all of whom have champions. And there was the inevitable cluster of professionals. Paul Grunther, Bird Hedges, Ray Staudinger and J. J. Sweeney.

Typical of the relative new comer to the sport was David B. Bandler, who commutes from suburban Hartsdale in southern Westchester to New York City, where he works as a securities analyst. A genial man in his 60s, Bandler brings perspective to retrievers, he was in bo-

gle trials for 30 years. "I don't regret any of the time I spent with beagles," he says, "but after a beagle is a year and a half old, he's cast in a mold, and you can't teach him to do any different. With retrievers you continue to teach and to learn yourself."

In 1967 Bandler and his wife Ruth bought a Lab from the Whygyn Kennel in Bedford Hills, N.Y. They named the puppy Whygyn Wellmet Angus, and began training him with canvas dummies, mostly on a dammed-up portion of the Saw Mill River. This small stretch of water is hardly an ideal training area, Bandler points out, because "the Saw Mill River Parkway is on one side and the New York State Thruway on the other. In between are the Putnam Division tracks of the Penn Central."

When Angus was six months old he began running in puppy stakes, in which a handler is permitted to hold the dog before it is sent out to retrieve the bird, usually a shot pigeon. Angus did very well, and when he was a year old he moved into the derby class. Bandler suddenly began finding himself hundreds of miles from home on weekends. Instead of taking a regular vacation, he now takes 15 to 20 Fridays off a year to run Angus in trials.

In derbies, the dog cannot be restrained while waiting to retrieve but must sit obediently by the handler's side until the judges call his number. On by dogs are tested in land-and-water retrieving, and training a dog to hold steady and not break after he sees the first pheasant can be a task, especially since a good prospect is just about ready to explode with excitement when he spots any kind of a bird—even a starling on the lawn. Angus showed promise in derbies, accumulating seven licensed points. He was not among the leaders of the national derby championship but, adding the unofficial points he won in sanctioned trials, he was the top-scoring derby dog for 1969 owned by a member of the Westchester retriever club, and the Bandler's left the organization's annual dinner with a pewter cup.

After graduating from the derby stake at age two, Angus began running in amateur and open stakes. In these stakes a dog must—among other things—be able to work blinds. A blind is a bird hidden, say, 135 yards away, across the third channel in the marsh just to the left of that little bush. No, not *that* little bush,

the other one. The handlers are told all this, but the dogs, back in their crates, are blissfully unaware of where the bird is planted. When a dog is brought up for the blind the handler must "line" him toward the bird. If the dog starts to veer off course, pulled, say, by a tempting swerve of a channel to the right, the handler blows his whistle, extends his left arm and shouts, "Over!" Not all dogs, especially young dogs, take heed. Many get sudden notions of independence or feign deafness to the whistle when 50 yards away, and in training a handler has to run out and correct the dog on the spot. Too much correcting, however, and a dog may start to "pop"—that is, turn around every 10 yards or so as if to ask, "Where now?"

In four years of competing in championship stakes, Angus has won 13½ amateur points. He would be a champion now except for the fact that Bandler committed a couple of memorable goofs. The worst occurred when he cost Angus a sure win: out of sheer nervousness he spoke to the dog on line before his number was called. Bandler didn't realize what he had done until Angus was out retrieving a bird and a judge quietly told Bandler his dog was eliminated.

Last year Bandler began a new training technique with Angus, making him wait between double or triple retrieves. "Logic would tell you that you should send the dog out quickly before he forgets where the birds have fallen," Bandler says, "but I think he has a mind like a Polaroid camera, and so I just wait a little longer between birds and let the picture develop more."

Last May in Maryland, Angus had his highest day when he earned five points for a first-place finish in an open, and he now has, by the arithmetic of the sport, 8½ points toward a 10-point open championship and 13½ points toward a 15-point amateur field championship. Angus did not score at the Long Island trials, but if he manages to earn only 1½ more open points by November, he will not only win his field championship but be one of 70 to 80 dogs eligible to run in the National Retriever Championship later that month. For almost anyone, but particularly for a latecomer like Bandler, running in the National Open is like a weekend golfer being invited to play in the Masters. Says Bandler, "Why, that would be the opportunity of a lifetime."

END

THE DOGGY BUNCH at the Long Island spring trials included Dave and Ruth Bandler (left row, center) and Gordon Allen, who is working his black Labrador out on a practice retrieve.



The first women's pro event in England was all bump and bumble

One for the Rankin file

At 8.20 a.m. on Aug. 8 Jan Ferraris of San Francisco struck one of the most significant shots of the 1974 British golf season. The ball Miss Ferraris hit from the first tee of Sunningdale's Old Course marked the beginning of the first women's professional golf tournament to be played in England.

The Colgate-Palmolive Company, fresh from its Palm Springs production in April, had shipped the whole caravan to the Surrey Course to give the British a close-up view of the LPGA tour. If you were interested in golf and lived in Britain, there was no way you could avoid

knowing about the Colgate European Women's Open Championship as the media were awash with publicity.

Forty-three American women and sundry representatives from other countries were invited to compete, and when the prize-money list was announced, people really began to take notice. In a British PGA men's tournament, £4,000 (nearly \$10,000) is an extremely handsome first-place check. When a similar amount is offered to a woman, then even the astringencies of Britain's economics are pushed into the background.

So the British, fed exclusively on a diet of the male game, came to watch—some out of sheer curiosity but many from a genuine desire to observe the best women golfers in the world. At first one got the impression that the fans were a little disturbed at seeing women playing for that kind of money. It was somehow alien to their notion that a woman's place is in the home, not crouching over a three-foot putt for big money. Of course, women have played golf in Britain for nearly a century, but it was strictly fun stuff and a subject for jocularity in the "men only" bars of British clubs. Last week changed all that because suddenly there were women around who not only played the game well but looked splendid doing so.

This was the first visit to Britain for most of the Americans, and their first experience of the "hump and bumble" that makes British courses unique. Fresh from the watered greens and fairways of U.S. country clubs, they found that at Sunningdale the high flying wedge kept on flying right through the greens. It was time for them to go back to the days when they were serving their apprenticeships, the days when they practiced pitch and run or the punched six-iron or the half eighth-iron.

The course, set in the heart of stockbroker country, is a club where tradition is as rich as many of the members. It has achieved a certain celebrity for staging big-money matches among its members, and its professional, Arthur Lees, a one-time Ryder Cup player, will take on anybody around for any kind of stake. There are two courses for the members to play on, but the more famous is the Old Course, where Bobby Jones in qualifying for the 1927 British Open played a nearly perfect 18 holes of golf—66 shots

and only once in a bunker and once off the fairway. It is a natural course laid out among the silver birch trees and heathes that dominate that part of England.

The Americans had never seen anything like it. "If we had to play a course like this every week back home," said Carol Mann, LPGA president, "then we'd be much better. This course is a real test, it's a challenge, and we all love a challenge." Sandra Haynie: "I have to hit shots here that I haven't hit in 10 years. You have to learn to work the ball, especially around the greens; you have to create shots instead of just hitting in a wedge." Susie Berning: "We play a lot of courses in the States that are immature, about one to two years old. The ground hasn't really settled and we get free drops out of practically anything. Now this course has character, it's established, it's part of the tradition of the game. Everything was put here for a purpose, it's natural."

Maybe the course was a little fiery, even by British standards, and the prolonged lack of rain had left the front areas of the greens very hard, but there was no doubt that the women loved its quirks. What they were not so fond of was the heather, a particularly knotty brand of *Culmo uliginosus*, that lay some 10 feet off each side of every fairway. It looks pretty, with its purple flowers coloring the sides of holes, but it is distinctly bad news for a golfer, especially a woman golfer. Men, although not overfond of it, can at least achieve some sort of distance out of it by virtue of their greater strength, but for a woman it's fractured-wrist country. The Colgate contestants sedulously avoided it but there were a few casualties, not the least being Sandra Haynie, who ran up an 8 in her first round 80 after losing an argument with the heather.

One lady who kept her visits to the heather to the minimum was Judy Rankin. Using a carbonite-shafted driver for only the second time, she drove the smaller British ball straight and true around the 6,227 yards, par 72 of Sunningdale and wound up the winner by five shots over Mary Mills and Sue Roberts. Rankin's steady rounds of 72-73-73 represented outstandingly skillful golf, and while her rivals, in particular Mary Mills, made a brief run at her, the former Miss

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GOLF continued

Torluemke kept hitting it up the middle, onto the greens and into the hole. After collecting the \$9,600 first prize, Rankin said that her driving was the foundation of her victory. She had decided, on seeing the course, that the penalties for errant tee shots were heavy enough to crush her, and so resolved to keep the ball in play at all costs. She also stated that because of these penalties she concentrated on one shot at a time instead of thinking ahead four holes or more. She played the last round in a cocoon of poker-faced concentration which underlined to the enthusiastic British gallery just how dedicated the American women were. Coming to the last of the 54 holes, a tough 400-yarder with a row of menacing bunkers about 100 yards from the green, Rankin hit one of her few poor shots, a drive into heavy rough. She chopped out onto the fairway and then flourished a six-iron four feet from the pin. Par. It was a shot that put final confirmation on the ability of women professionals to play this most maddening and lovable of games.

Although Rankin collected the big prize, former wig-doffing heroine Pam Barnett collected a major goodie in the shape of a brand-new MGB sports car for putting her tee shot closest to the pin on 13. For this par-3 178-yarder, Barnett pulled out a seven-iron and practically holed out on the fly, the ball crunching up against the pin and stopping 9½" away, not 9½" or 9¼" but 9½"—they're very precise about these things in Britain. Barnett and car will shortly be making an appearance in Florida.

In the year that saw the 1.68 ball become mandatory for the British Open it was interesting to note that the first three in the Colgate all played the 1.62 British ball. Rankin, Mills and Roberts felt it combatted the blustery wind that swept the course better than its larger U.S. counterpart, but most of the other Americans stayed with the big ball, feeling that it putted truer on the slick greens. Rankin proved them wrong with a singular display of short-game control and finesse. In the press tent afterward she described the golfer who uses a great many bump-and-run shots as a "squirrelly player," an expression unheard of in Britain. Well, we may not have heard of it, but we certainly understand what it means now, and at Sunningdale Judy Rankin was the squirrelliest player of them all.

END



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Proceedings at the court of first resort

It is summer and pro basketball is in a vacation almost everywhere but the gym at Cal State Los Angeles. There, although few fans know it, the NBA and the ABA seasons have already started. In only four years the Southern California Pro Basketball Summer League has passed New York's Rucker League and Philadelphia's Baker League to become the foremost off-season conditioner, rookie camp and basketball bazaar. Even scouts from Belgium and Finland are braving the San Bernardino Freeway to look over the talent.

Watched by almost no one else, the league operates four nights a week and includes eight teams. Two of them—Watts Summer Games and Direction Sports—are for players unaffiliated with professional teams; six represent pro clubs or leagues (Milwaukee Bucks-Phoenix Suns, Los Angeles Lakers-Portland Trailblazers, Houston Rockets-Indiana Pacers, New Orleans Jazz, NBA Stars, ABA Stars). At first glance the Cal State operation seems to have all the accouterments of the big time: experi-

enced referees, qualified trainers, a commissioner, a statistics crew, 30-second clocks and a public-address announcer. Under closer scrutiny that impression melts faster than a Fudgsicle in the steamy gym where the games are played.

The league's bouncer is an ex-featherweight boxer named Dick Marquis, who also happens to be its founder and president. The stat crew is very efficient but tends to get confused when Sidney Wicks, the fine Portland forward, insists on suiting up for two different teams. Bedlam prevailed at midseason when the Lakers-Rockets and Trailblazers-Pacers changed into the Lakers-Trailblazers and Pacers-Rockets and began quarreling over which should be where in the standings.

While the players may fume over the standings, they often seem less than charged up about getting to the games. Early in the summer the NBA Stars vs. the ABA Stars was to be televised over a local cable network. Just before warmup time Marquis discovered that only three ABA players had appeared. He went for-

aging in the stands and found Jerry Pender, a 6'4" former Fresno State guard who had his equipment bag with him just in case absenteeism would give him an opportunity to prove he never should have been cut by Chicago and San Diego. His play on that and subsequent nights won him a contract with Portland.

Last summer Bernie Fryer of Brigham Young was impressive enough that Portland grabbed him; he averaged 20 minutes a game in the 1973-74 season. Swen Nater, a second-string center at UCLA, was the 1974 ABA Rookie of the Year for San Antonio, and many scouts credit his rapid development to his experience in the Cal State league.

The New Orleans Jazz, newest member of the NBA, has taken the unusual step of sending an entire team and Coach Scotty Robertson to California. The Jazz hopes to get an early line on such draftees as Aaron James of Grambling and Ed Searcy of St. John's and to reevaluate such veterans as Center Dennis Awrey. In essence New Orleans is enjoying the longest training camp ever. Since the

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competition is so varied and good, it is also probably the best.

"It's an excellent thing for NBA teams, and more and more they're taking advantage of it," says Jazz General Manager Bill Bertka. "It gives first- and second-year men experience and it gives clubs a good look at rookies."

If a pro team wants half a roster, it must kick in \$1,000 to help defray league expenses, which have exceeded income every year. The Jazz put up \$2,000 plus the cost of transporting and housing its coach and players. Indeed, Phoenix regards the league so highly that it flies its players in for each game.

The league is owned by Marquis, ex-Air Force navigator Mike Betterton, Phoenix Forward Keith Erickson and Jerry Chambers, a free agent after six years in the NBA and ABA. They are not exactly hard-nosed businessmen. Tickets cost only \$2 for adults and \$1 for kids, but the gym has never been filled. The gate receipts, the proceeds from a yearbook that sells for a dollar and the money from pro teams is all the income there is. The rest is outgo. Cable TV pays nothing for broadcast rights. Marquis let four Boston Celtics join the league but has not demanded payment from the team. Revenue from concessions goes to charity. The championship team receives a \$1,500 purse, even though proceeds from the playoffs are donated to the Southern California Kidney Foundation. Marquis estimates he has dropped about \$20,000 in four years.

Mack Calvin of the Denver Rockets, an All-ABA guard and three-time Most Valuable Player in the summer league, has done something rare for an athlete. To help Marquis defray expenses Calvin has turned down money he has won in the league.

"The exposure has been great for me," he says. "There are so many NBA scouts who've never seen me play. In the ABA it's like I'm over on the other side of the Iron Curtain. I know of no other guy willing to work as hard as Marquis has to put the league together. It's amazing what he's accomplished, and he's done it by taking money out of his own pocket when he couldn't afford it."

Marquis, who has a wife and five children, dreams that his enterprise will pick up a sponsor, and that the NBA and ABA will merge and make the Cal State gym the official summer resort for every pro prospect in the nation.

END

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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

Don't be too quick on the draw

The oft-told tale about an ever-increasing band of bridge players wandering the land disconsolately because they failed to draw trumps has misled a lot of other players into drawing the wrong conclusion, thereby causing them to lose a bundle of points. Trumps sometimes have more important uses than merely extracting opponents' trumps. The fact is that when declarer leads trumps he often has to expend two of his own, one of which might better have been played separately to win another trick.

Nonetheless, all too often a player automatically leads a round of trumps before settling down to think. Sometimes this can be fatal, even if just psychologically. As a general rule it is wise to draw trumps at once only when you hold enough winners or easily established tricks in the side suits to make your contract. If you need more tricks than you have on tap, you must first plan how to use your trumps to

produce them. That's merely one theme of the story told here. Another arises later.

There are various ways to reach slam in either of the red suits on this deal, and there is often an advantage to playing a four-four fit. But as the cards lie it is just as well that North-South arrived at six hearts, since six diamonds cannot be made against the best defense.

At six hearts, the play to the first trick was so automatic that declarer won with dummy's king of spades and cashed one of dummy's high hearts almost without thinking. Jolted off stride when West showed out of trumps, South next tried to come to his hand with a diamond in order to ruff a losing spade in dummy. But East trumped and returned a heart to reduce dummy to only two trumps while declarer still had two losing spades to ruff.

Declarer won East's trump return with one of dummy's honors, crossed to his hand by ruffing a club, trumped a spade in dummy, ruffed another club in his hand and his remaining low spade in dummy, then suddenly found himself short of a reentry to his hand. If he led another diamond, East would ruff for the setting trick, and South would be no better off if he trumped a third club, since that would leave East with one trump while declarer would have none.

"Sorry, partner," South apologized. "I had a blind spot. I shouldn't have led trumps at all. But even after I did, I could have recovered if I had simply ruffed a club at trick three, then trumped a low spade, cashed a second high trump in dummy and overtaken dummy's last trump with the ace. The nine would have drawn East's last heart, and four diamonds and the ace of spades would have given me 12 tricks. Once East ruffed that diamond and returned a trump, though, I was a gone goose."

Alas, poor South was still suffering from a blind spot. Do you see what was wrong with his apology and how he could have recovered even after East's diamond ruff and trump return?

Declarer had been guilty of false economy. To avoid squandering a high trump in dummy, he had sacrificed his timing and tossed away his last chance to make up for his earlier blunders. The winning play is to take East's trump return with the ace of hearts, not with one of dummy's high ones. Next comes a spade ruff, a club ruff, a spade ruff and a club ruff. Now the timing is right, since South ends up in his hand and can draw East's last trump with the 9 of hearts. Then three good diamonds and the ace of spades bring home the slam.

END

Both sides vulnerable
South dealer

		NORTH	
WEST		EAST	
SOUTH		SOUTH	
SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♥	PASS	2♦	PASS
2♦	PASS	4♥	PASS
2♠	PASS	5♥	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: queen of spades



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going to bat for taiwan

A new team of extraordinary kids from the Republic of China heads for the Little League World Series in Williamsport, Pa. hoping to win a fourth consecutive title for the baseball-crazy homeland
by PETER CARRY

As far as anyone knows, the woman had always been a well-behaved housewife, calm and dignified in the manner of her people. It was not until her active pre-teen son joined the Little League that her emotions began to go out of control and finally led her one hot afternoon some weeks ago to brandish a dangerous implement at a full-grown man.

continued





Her son's team was engaged in a close game in the regional playoffs when a teammate attempted to advance from second to third on a routine outfield fly. The centerfielder caught the ball and threw it to second, where the runner was doubled up, having left the bag a twinkling of an eye too soon. A mighty rhaburh ensued, with noisy assistance from the teams' adult rooting sections.

It was then that the housewife, armed with an umbrella, left her seat behind the bench, strode onto the diamond and struck a pose reminiscent of Zorro with his sword. She was already in fierce debate with the plate umpire when the true object of her displeasure, his second-base counterpart, wandered haplessly into her field of vision. She wheeled on him and began scoring near misses on his eyes, ears, nose and throat with the long chrome-plated tip of her umbrella.

"你是瞎子," she said, the weapon

whistling swiftly past the ump's scalp.

"混蛋!" she added, just in case he thought she was kidding. Then Mrs. Tsai grabbed her little Pai-jew by his throwing arm and retreated with her umbrella held high, declaring as she faded into the crowd that there was no way a conscientious mother could let a good boy like Pai-jew play under these unfair circumstances.

This very American scene happened not in Kankakee or Keokuk but in Kaohsiung, a port city near the southern tip of the island of Taiwan. Nothing unusual about it, either. The only surprises were that a Chinese Little Leaguer could be inept enough to tag up too soon on a fly ball and that the umbrella woman didn't crack the umpire on the head. For in Taiwan the quality of Little League baseball is the best in the world—so decisively the best during the last five years that some Americans have charged the

Chinese with cheating. The triumphs of their young players have made Taiwan as baseball-crazy as Brooklyn in the heyday of the Dodgers. It's easy to see why. Taiwan's often lopsided victories against foreign teams have been just about the only international triumphs for the Republic of China in an era during which it is being tossed ignominiously out of everything from the United Nations to the International Basketball Federation to make room for the People's Republic on the mainland.

The baseball mania will be at fever point next week when the Little League World Series is played at Williamsport, Pa. All three of the R.O.C.'s television networks plan to carry live satellite coverage and almost every one of Taiwan's 1.5 million TV sets is sure to be tuned in, even though the contests will start at 3 a.m. Taipei time. Newspapers will hold their presses in order to run game analyses in morning editions, and trains will delay departure so they can carry the papers into the hinterlands.

Almost certainly the news will be good, setting off another of the thunderous, pre-dawn explosions of firecrackers and street celebrations that have marked every R.O.C. victory in the World Series since 1969. That year the Chinese won their first championship, an event that stunned no one more than the home folks since that was also the first season there had been formal Little League competition on the island. Except for 1970, when the Chinese won the Far East tournament but were bumped 3-2 by Nicaragua at Williamsport, Taiwan has not lost since.

Its victories in 1971 and 1972 were merely impressive; the 1973 win by the Tainan Giants was downright embarrassing. In the opener of that Series, 11-year-old Huang Ching-hui threw a perfect game at a team of U.S. military dependents from Bitburg (West Germany). Air Force Base and Taiwan won 18-0, even though it did nothing but bunt in its last two turns at bat. The Giants had more no-hit pitching, five home runs and 21 hits in their second-round 27-0 win over Tampa, Fla. Huang came back with yet another no-hitter against Tucson, Ariz. in the championship game, Taiwan scoring all its runs in the final three innings to take the title 12-0. In the three games, Taiwan outscored its opponents 57-0 and outhit them 43-0. The Giants

PHOTOGRAPH BY NIKOLAI K. SHARIN



A Taiwan rooster cheers his team on with a motto-laden banner at the regional playoffs.

had a team batting average of .417 and a team ERA of 0.00. They struck out 46 of the 56 batters who came up against them, while walking only two. And in the minor statistical categories, Taiwan was decidedly major league. Its opposition committed typical Little League totals of 13 errors, 10 wild pitches and 15 passed balls; Taiwan had one error and none of the other misplays. As a final result, the only player who attempted to steal against the Giants was cut down at second base.

Combined with its 87-1 scoring margin over its five opponents in the Far East playoff preceding Williamsport, Taiwan's performance in the World Series seemed to confirm suspicions that it was not playing by the same rules as other countries. Certainly the crowds in Williamsport, which had favored past Chinese teams, thought so and began to harshly boo the Giants. Adult Little League volunteers on hand for the Series accused the Chinese of violating every stipulation in the rule book regarding the players' ages and the districting of leagues. One man even said in apparent seriousness that he thought the Taiwan team was composed of midget professionals hired by Chiang Kai-shek especially to humiliate the United States. The Little League's paid president, Peter J. McGovern, refused to pass judgment on the eligibility of Taiwan's players or the correctness of its organization. Shortly thereafter he quietly announced that he would send a committee to study the R.O.C.'s Little League program.

The investigators' report has never been released, but Roy Reiner, a past president of the Hong Kong Little League and one of the men sent to look into the Taiwan situation, says the infractions detected by the committee were largely the same ones found in most non-U.S. Little League organizations. No major violations were uncovered.

Little League rules require that a player be between nine and 12 years old when the season begins, and the most serious of the unsubstantiated violations charged against Taiwan at Williamsport was that its boys were overage. American coaches not only were surprised that the Taiwan team performed like a bunch of 20-year-olds, they were startled that the Chinese players were for the first time the biggest in the Series and that several of the alleged 12-year-olds were taller than

their coaches. The Giants were not unusual in that regard. Many Taiwanese youngsters are bigger than their parents, primarily because they have grown up eating more meat and dairy foods than any previous Chinese generation. And the coaches' complaints about size failed to take into account the performance of tiny Cheng Pai-sheng, the 4'11", 95-pound infielder who was the Giants' most impressive hitter with a .733 average and three homers.

In fact, the U.S. skeptics could have put the entire age question to rest if they had asked the Giants to show them the government ID cards the boys are required to carry at all times. As Reiner's committee found out, Chiang's China has one of the world's most thorough census and residency registration systems. Each child is issued a card upon entering school. The penalty for tampering with an ID is one year in jail, a sentence stiff enough to make Little League officials loath to fiddle with them. And Reiner discovered no indications that changes on ID cards were being made with the government's blessings.

The infractions found by the investigators pertained mostly to the size of districts and the use of schoolteachers as managers. The teams that finally make it through the district, state and regional playoffs to Williamsport are supposed to be made up of children from the same local league. For example, the players on last year's Tampa team were from that city's Belmont Heights area, and this season's Taiwan representatives are all from a league based in the east side of Kaohsiung. According to the rules, a district ideally should not encompass more than 15,000 people. And teachers who serve as managers or coaches are considered "professionals" by the Little League, which prefers that other volunteers, usually fathers of boys playing in the league, run the teams.

The rules on districting and managing were devised for small-town and suburban America and are usually broken or sidestepped in foreign countries and even in some large U.S. cities. In such places there are often not enough baseball-playing youngsters and almost invariably not enough money to support a league on the required population base. And foreign fathers generally have neither the time nor the inclination to become involved with children's baseball.

Taiwan's Little League officials were embarrassed by their lopsided win last year and distressed that the Americans felt a need to investigate. "I am sorry; we were too strong," Hsieh Kuo-cheng, the harassed-looking president of the island's baseball association, has apologized repeatedly. To placate Little League headquarters, the R.O.C. readily agreed to nearly double its number of districts to 41 this year and to curtail the use of teacher-managers. The Kaohsiung team that will appear in Williamsport this week is managed by a sporting-goods salesman and coached by a photographer. In fact, the Chinese apparently have gone beyond the rules to prove their good intentions. Huang, the perfect-game pitcher of last August's world champions, did not play this season, even though he was still eligible. Officials say an eye disease kept him off the diamond, but one well-informed source in Taiwan

continued



Lin could be Taiwan's abdest pitcher.

says Huang was held out because his family moved from Tainan to Taipei. The Chinese were concerned that if Huang turned up at Williamsport next week pitching for a different city, the U.S. would accuse them of moving their best players around in order to pack all of them in one district.

"Our report to Williamsport presented three possible solutions," Reiner says. "One was that they could kick out Taiwan for its violations, but that would have meant tossing out most of the Lit-

guer, Tainan's extraordinary Shortstop-Pitcher Wang Ching-chung, will not be there hitting his long home runs. And it may even be possible because the Kaohsiung team that will represent Taiwan this year is probably not the island's best. But still it will not be easy, for the Chinese success is the result of things the Little League cannot—and probably would not care to—legislate against.

In the high hill country 25 kilometers and an entire culture away from the modern east coast city of Tainan, a slate monument the size of a small tombstone stands in the middle of a muddy school yard. THIS VILLAGE MADE BASEBALL GREAT read the gold characters etched into the slab, which is surrounded by life-sized metal silhouettes of a pitcher, a catcher and a batter mounted on corroding pipes. The hamlet, a cluster of about 50 shabby houses, most of them with thatched roofs, is called Hung Yeh—in English, Red Leaf.

The road to Red Leaf winds its unpaved way up the coast through tangerine groves, small villages with two or three open-front stores, yangtiao vines and pineapple fields. It is an obstacle course of razorlike shards of shale, abrupt inclines, hair-raising hairpin turns, rockslides and hub-deep quagmires passable during the rainy season only to off-the-road vehicles. Its traffic includes water buffalo, ox carts and vehicles whose drivers are disciples of Evel Knievel. The trip to Red Leaf is a tough one, and it's even tougher getting out.

Most of the village's inhabitants are Taiwanese aborigines, people of Malay stock who sailed to the island hundreds of years before the Chinese, Japanese or Europeans—all of whom began taking an interest in Taiwan at roughly the same time—ever settled there. Like most conquered native peoples, the aborigines have been left with the worst land—the most vertical mountain acres—and little money. Many of them still live by a barter economy, and rare is the aboriginal son who manages to escape his father's life of subsistence farming.

One who did get away was C. K. Yang, who came out of a village not far from Red Leaf to attend UCLA and finish a close second to Rafer Johnson in the 1960 Olympic decathlon. Yang was Taiwan's most admired athletic hero until 1968, when Red Leaf's team set off the baseball boom that has yielded Taiwan's

only international sports championships.

Baseball has been played in Taiwan for about 50 years, arriving there courtesy of the Japanese who controlled the island from 1895 to 1945. Many of the diamonds built early in that period were plowed up to grow crops during World War II; this was fine with the Chiang government which reacquired Taiwan for China in 1945 and moved there in 1949. Baseball was certainly not the mainlanders' game, and if they did nothing to discourage it, they did less than nothing to encourage it.

It is more than a little ironic that the Chiang government, which still includes almost no Taiwan-born citizens in the upper echelons of its armed forces or administration, has had to rely on the people who inhabited the island before 1949 for its most conspicuous moments of international glory. The pre-'49 citizens and their children, who constitute 85% of Taiwan's population of 15.5 million, have never held any particular affection for the post-'49 group. There had been peace, relative prosperity and corruption-free government under the Japanese in the years immediately preceding World War II. When the mainland Chinese returned in 1945, they brought with them a tradition of government by squeeze and a decidedly colonial attitude toward the Taiwanese. In 1947 the island's people rioted against the new administration, and Chiang's soldiers put down the disturbances by killing between 10,000 and 20,000 Taiwanese in a two-week period.

That incident has never been forgotten—or forgiven. It has been difficult to bridge the gap between the two groups because Taiwan was not involved in the political jousts that marked the first half of this century on the mainland. Certainly there have been no grass-roots movements to bring back the Japanese, but there also has been little sincere enthusiasm below the highest levels for returning to the mainland. According to most observers, what the Taiwanese would like is independence. Free Taiwanese groups are active in Japan, Europe and the U.S.

Oddly, the baseball-playing sons of just those independence-minded pre-'49 people were among the few sources of ready solace when the change in America's China policy left the Chiang government in shocked disbelief.



Wang's house looks like the Hall of Fame.

tle League's other foreign members. Two was to allow them in international competition only once every two years, but again that would have meant applying the same rule to everyone else. Three was to find some way to beat them."

Wise, Williamsport has chosen the last of these alternatives. Coming up with a way to do it next week may be less difficult because Taiwan is obeying the rules more closely. It may be further simplified since Huang will not be there pitching and the island's best active Little Leag-



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taiwan continued

There is some consolation for the R.O.C., in seeing Taiwanese teams knock America's block off at its own game. Which helps to explain the long parades through downtown Taipei that have become an August tradition, with the players standing like war heroes in jeeps. Prime Minister Chiang Ching-kuo has received the boys in the Executive Yuan (Cabinet). There have been scholarships for Series winners and Chiang Kai-shek and Madame Chiang have congratulated the winning teams in person.

There would have been no such affairs had it not been for small boys like those in Red Leaf who learned baseball using sticks for bats and stones for balls, and a few Taiwan-born, Japanese-educated adults. Between them they kept the game alive on the island in the post-war years.

One of the men was Hsieh Kuo-cheng, who played right field for his Taiwanese primary school in the '30s and later attended Waseda University, the Notre Dame of Japan's favorite college sport, baseball. In 1948 Hsieh and 14 other fans contributed \$200 apiece to start the Taiwan baseball association. There were about half a dozen men's teams and an equal number for boys using the island's four remaining diamonds.

The game grew slowly for the next 20 seasons and Hsieh, who has been head of the association since its inception, remembers times when the national tournament was staged simply by laying down the bases in a city park. And little boys did not play the real game at all. Baseballs were too expensive. Until less than a year before their first win at Williamsport, Taiwanese kids played exclusively with rubber balls.

In 1968 Red Leaf won the island's rubber-ball championship and with it the right to face a visiting team of Japanese youngsters who had agreed to a series using Taiwan's ball. Red Leaf's victory, one of the few by a Taiwanese team over Japan in any sport, was cause for island-wide celebration. The losers compounded their defeat by leaving behind several dozen baseballs for their hosts to practice with and suggesting to Hsieh that his country join the Little League. The idea turned out to be a grand one for the slight, bespectacled Hsieh, who has been able to capitalize on his reputation as "Mr. Baseball." In one of the island's rare "national" elections, he ran a cam-

paign using literature designed to resemble baseballs and became one of the very few Taiwan-born men ever to win a seat in the Legislative Yuan, the R.O.C.'s equivalent in prestige, if not in power, of the U.S. Senate. For Japan, which used to have a team at Williamsport almost every year and twice won the World Series, the suggestion was less fortunate. It has been losing to Taiwan in the Far East regional tournament ever since.

The baseball craze that Red Leaf's win set in motion has come back to haunt the village. Except for an overgrown diamond, the stone marker, the silhouettes, and the plans for a \$13,000 monument to baseball that the country plans to build there, no trace of the game remains in the village. The formalities of establishing a Little League program and the expense of all the Japanese-made Isono baseballs that would be needed to keep it going are too much for Red Leaf. Only three boys from the village still play. They must walk far down the mountain to the town of Taoyuan to do so.

Baseball has carried another of Red Leaf's young sons much further. Yu Hung-kui has broad, sloping shoulders, a thick neck and a massive chest; were he not barely 5½ feet tall, he would be a copper-colored replica of the young Mickey Mantle. Yu was raised in Wu-lin, a sub-hamlet of Red Leaf, but this cheerful 15-year-old with his black hair cut in the severe Marine Corps style is already a world traveler. Yu was on the rubber-ball team that defeated Japan and he was given two of those precious baseballs. He used them well. By the end of the next summer he was at Williamsport playing third base for Taiwan's first world champs. In the third inning of the opening game, Yu singled, stole second and third, and came home on a hit to score the first of the many runs that the Chinese have pushed across on that Pennsylvania diamond. Last August he was back in the U.S. playing center field at Gary, Ind., home of the Senior League World Series. Senior League is an extension of the Little League system for boys 13 to 15. Taiwan has had a team at Gary the past two summers and, of course, won both times. Last year's club did not allow a run in its three-game sweep to the title.

Yu's two appearances on championship teams have made him a double hero back home. He no longer lives up in the

mountains, instead he boards at Taipei's prestigious Hualshing school. Yu was sent there on a scholarship from Madame Chiang and it was in her office at the school, of which she is the board chairman, that he was recently interviewed.

"Sure, baseball has changed my life," he said. "My brother is one of the few players left in Red Leaf, but he'll never have a chance to come to this school. I wouldn't have either if we hadn't won in Williamsport. It's changed my whole environment. I'm learning things and meeting people I never would've known. And I'll have more opportunities in the future. I probably would've grown up to be a poor farmer in the hills like my father if I hadn't played baseball."

Surprisingly, Yu did not teach a ball this spring or summer, even though his ambition is to become a professional player, preferably in the U.S. (America's first Taiwanese pro, 24-year-old Pitcher Tan Shen-ming, has signed with the San Francisco Giants and is playing for their Fresno farm team. He certainly will not be the last.) This was Yu's ninth-grade year and, like many other R.O.C. adolescents, he gave up all extracurricular activities to study for the tough, highly competitive entrance examinations to upper middle school. That alone says plenty about the seriousness of Chinese youngsters. Because Yu and most players on the island have applied similar intensity to baseball, they can easily afford a year off from training.

"I can remember getting up at five in the morning and walking down the mountain to play before school in Red Leaf," he says. "We usually had ball games in the afternoon, too, and sometimes we'd forget about classes and play straight through the day. The coach was around only half the time, so I guess it could be said that the boys on the first team that beat Japan were about half taught and half self-taught. I know we taught ourselves to use the real baseball. At first I was afraid of it, not so much of being hit by a pitch as of being stung by a grounder. Adapting wasn't too tough, though, once I got used to the lower bounces. And I liked hitting the baseball right away because it goes farther than the rubber one."

"After we won the '69 Series and I came to school here, practice became more organized. We still play a lot among ourselves during the off-season except

when it's winter, but that's not as tough as the spring when the coaches are looking on. Every day I get about 40 swings in batting practice. Then they hit about 40 flies to each of the outfielders and 40 grounders to each infielder. That's the minimum, I'd say. If you make a couple of errors, they might end up hitting you 80. Until this spring I practiced like that every day during the baseball season for the last four years."

Not all young Taiwanese players drill as rigorously as the boys at the Hualshing school, but without question almost all of them practice longer and harder than their American counterparts. It is an element of the Chinese life-style, in sports, politics, education and in other things as well.

"I don't remember any kids playing baseball when I was a teen-ager there in the late '50s, but at the Taipei American School we competed against the local boys in soccer and volleyball," says Mike McGrath, who attended high school at Taipei as a U.S. military dependent, returned there during his own stint in the armed forces and is now wrapping up a doctorate in Chinese studies at Princeton. "They really worked their butts off. We'd train every day for an hour. They always practiced more than that and did more homework, too. They invariably beat us."

"It wasn't the longer practices alone that did it. They also applied themselves better in training. It is simply that their lives are more regimented and diligence is probably more highly prized. The Chinese have—and always have had—something very much like the Calvinist ethic, except they leave out the part about ceaseless quest for profit."

In Little League the effects of that intensity are enhanced by the fact that young Taiwanese ballplayers rarely participate in other competitive sports, by the subtropical climate that allows them to practice year-round and by the public mania that has been spurred on by the government. The game has become an intrinsic part of the island's psyche, holding out the promise of fame to boys who otherwise would have little hope of rising above the anonymous welter of Chinese society. For a baseball purist the product of all these forces is a joy to behold.

The hitter, his translucent ocre skin shining in the afternoon sun, approaches

continued

the right-hand batter's box. With an exaggerated nod of his head and a quick two-fingered salute he greets the white-gloved umpire and steps in. He grinds his nylon cleats into the damp clay next to the plate, grips his purple aluminum bat four inches up from the knob, takes a few short level practice swings and settles into a compact stance to await the pitch.

The pitcher, also a right-hander, stands on the rubber and looks in for a sign. He shakes off his catcher once, then rocks into a no-windup delivery and fires at a target set tight in on the batter's hands. The pitch is a fastball.

The particulars of this scene are repeated over and over in Taiwan Little League games. From the courtesy to the umpire to the fastball designed to jam the batter there is a marked similarity in technique among virtually all the island's players, including right-handedness. It seems there are not many Chinese lefties, at least not many of them who play baseball. This fact has become a source of some comfort for Taiwan's international rivals, who have a hunch the world champs can be had by a left-handed curveballer because they rarely see one. There is some substance to this notion since two years ago Hong Kong was being thoroughly bombed in the Asian playoffs when it brought in a lefty who shut out the Taiwanese for a couple of innings with off-speed pitches. In 1973's final World Series game, Tucson's left-handed breaking-buller Mike Fumbers held Taiwan scoreless for three innings, before a combination of a three-run Taiwan rally and an asthma attack knocked him out after the fourth.

Aside from the right-handed proclivities of its players, there is little else in the Taiwanese style and, particularly, in its execution that gives hope to boys from other countries. Home-run hitters abound on the island during the 1973 World Series Taiwan practiced on a full-sized field where the fences were 100 feet farther out than they are in Little League; several batters were seen driving balls out of that park, but home-run swings do not. Every batter chokes up and uses a short stroke, batting practice consists almost entirely of line drives to center. Naturally, Taiwan has good hitters and bad ones. The best of them—the ones who make it to Williamsport—rarely loft their hits. They wrist low lin-

ers deep to the outfield and beyond, and some have even mastered the technique of taking the outside pitch to right field, an extraordinary bit of sophistication for 12-year-olds.

Taiwan's pitchers are probably no faster than their American counterparts and it is unlikely that their breaking stuff curves more. The difference is control. Taiwan's batters fearlessly dig in at the plate because they are rarely scared out of their uniforms by the bizarre deliveries served up to U.S. Little Leaguers. To the contrary, Chinese pitchers usually hit the target instead of the batter. In the case of fastballs, that means popping the pitch in on the batter's hands, with a curve, it means dropping it in the strike zone, low and away. It is a predictable pattern, but an effective one with pitchers who are able to hit the corners. Lanky Lin Wen-huang, who is likely to start Taiwan's opener at Williamsport, says he never is satisfied merely to put the ball over the middle of the plate. He always works around the edges, even when he is behind on the count. And, in another net bit of sophistication, he will unhesitatingly throw a curve on 3 and 2.

Last year's mix of no-hit pitching and thunderous hitting has tended to obscure the fact that in other Series—and probably this one, too, should Taiwan win again—the R.O.C.'s triumphs have been based primarily on superior defense. Misjudged flyballs, wild throws, passed balls and grounders bouncing unimpeded through infielders' legs are routine in Little League, except when the Taiwanese are playing. Some R.O.C. coaches maintain that their boys field better because they are quicker-handed than the children of other races. There does not seem to be any scientific evidence to bear this out, but it certainly looks that way on the baseball diamond.

Taiwanese outfielders simply glide back under flies and catch them, infielders charge grounders, keeping their bodies low and squarely in front of the balls, pick them up cleanly with their hands and then carefully plant themselves before throwing to first. But as good as the shortstops and centerfielders are, they do not equal the catchers' startling ability to play beyond their years.

Passed balls and wild pitches are almost as much a part of the average Little League game as balls and strikes. It is not unusual in America to find that

every team in a league uses its biggest—or, at least, its fastest—kid behind the plate, in apparent hope that the boy's body will stop some of the pitches his hands cannot cope with.

In Taiwan the catcher is most often one of the smallest—and quickest—players on the team, and a small Chinese 12-year-old is apt to stand less than 4' 10" and weight under 90 pounds. He is the most boyish of the boy players, an aspect he exaggerates by wearing his supporter and protective cup outside his trousers so that they bunch up his pants and give the impression he is wearing a diaper. He performs his grimy task with a body language that suggests youthful ebullience and in a style best described as early Manny Sanguillen.

The Taiwanese catcher wiggles slowly into his crouch. Once he gets there he sits low and loose on his haunches, content, it appears, to remain in this pose for hours. He bounces gaily as he sends out his complex series of signs. Then, for the moment it takes the pitcher to swing through his delivery and the ball to reach the plate, the little receiver becomes a man. With runners on base, he is braced up firm in a wide stance; if he has called for one of those low, outside curves, his bottom is higher than his nose, which is tucked behind his mitt as he sets a lion target. When the pitch arrives, he does not field it with his body or with a wild snatch of his glove, but smoothly with his hands, as if he were caressing a feather from the air.

Runners do not advance on Chinese catchers. The last two times that Taiwan's best teams, Tainan and Kaohsiung, met this year the games were pressure-filled, nationally televised affairs. The three catchers who played in those games did not allow a stolen base or a passed ball, even though both stalls were loaded with pitchers whose wild excesses usually came in the form of curves that bounced into the dirt of the left-hand batter's box. It is a catcher's most difficult play—he must scurry far to his right and then backhand the ball on a short hop—and the three receivers made the play frequently and flawlessly.

Among all these nimble outfielders, wide-ranging infielders and catchers who can actually catch, there was one player this season who was clearly the best. His name is Wang Chung-chung. Last year as an 11-year-old he played shortstop,

second base and right field for the Taiwan Giants. During the Asian regional tournament he set a Taiwan record with three home runs in one game. Wang then returned home to train for his trip to the United States, a regimen that consisted mainly of going to a Western restaurant to learn how to use a knife and fork. He quickly became proficient at feeding himself steak, and it turned out that he was just as adept at eating up American pitching. In his initial plate appearance in Williamsport, after the Bitburg boys had put two of his teammates on base with errors, Wang hit a 2-2 delivery to the opposite field and over the fence to give Taiwan a 3-0 lead.

It was in commemoration of that home run that the students and teachers at the Hsiao-hsun school, where Wang completed the sixth grade early this summer, gave him the large wooden plaque that hangs outside the front door of his family's little blue farmhouse on the outskirts of Tainan, the old capital of Taiwan. The gold characters on it read ONE HIT AND YOU WIN THE GAME, NOW YOU ARE A PERSON THE WHOLE WORLD KNOWS.

Wang is a lean but sturdy boy, tall for his age although not unusually so. He has a strong square chin and surprisingly wide eyes for a Chinese. His grin is ready and broad, and he gestures frequently with his hands and head in a manner more Italian than Taiwanese. In the United States he would easily qualify as an introvert; compared to other Chinese pre-adolescents, he is gregarious.

The boy is the eighth and youngest child of Taiwan-born Wang Che-chen and his wife Wang Tsai. They are in their 50s and neither is bigger than their 5'4", 114-pound son. Both have skin badly shrivelled by the sun and a mouthful of gold teeth. For many years Wang Che-chen worked in a noodle factory. Now his two eldest boys have jobs, and in the customary Chinese way the father has retired—if growing several crops a year of sweet potatoes can be considered retirement—to let his sons support him. By the current standard of living in Taiwan, the Wangs are poor but not destitute.

They live up a muddy alley that branches off the main road leading from Tainan through the aptly named hamlet of Tucheng, which means Dirt City. Not far down the narrow street, past a huge puddle and a small tan house, sits an un-

painted building, its once-red roof tiles blackened, buckled and in many cases broken. Until two years ago this was the Wangs' house. Now it is occupied by a couple of pigs, a few chickens, a family of black ducks and sacks of dried, shredded sweet potatoes used to feed the hogs.

Behind the old building and across a concrete slab where rice and yams are dried is the family's new home. It has two small bedrooms, a tiny dining area, a storeroom full of more sweet potatoes and, in the middle, an open space that is part temple, part living room and mostly Cooperstown.

Cred and gold altar adorned with pictures of Buddha and the God of Mercy takes up most of one wall and there are three pieces of furniture, two rattan chairs and a table. Except for one more huge bag of dried sweet potatoes parked in a corner, the rest of the room is all baseball memorabilia. Two glass cases mounted on the walls are crammed with a hundred or more medals, trophies and plaques. Mixed among them are Wang's own souvenirs, including a mechanical fish he bought in Japan, a small replica of the Washington Monument and a baseball autographed by the great Japanese slugger, Oh Sadahara, whose mother is Taiwanese and whose Chinese name happens to be Wang. Completing the decor are framed newspaper articles and brightly colored silk banners that ring the room. The banners, except for one in orange and black extolling the San Francisco Giants, are a traditional way of sending congratulations. They are embroidered with the donors' names, important politicians and businessmen among them, and such slogans as NEVER LOSE and HE KNOWS HOW TO ATTACK.

He certainly does. Playing for Tainan's Fu Cheng League All-Stars in this year's regional and national playoffs, Wang was invariably the best boy on the field. He is a slick shortstop, a pitcher with a crisp fastball and perhaps the best curve on the island and an awesome hitter. In one game during the national finals at Taipei, Wang repeated his feat of a year ago by hitting three homers in one game as Tainan ripped Hsinchu 31-0. The first homer was a three-run shot in the second inning that cleared the left-field fence

by perhaps 75 feet. The second, also good for three runs, went out of the park on a line to left center. The last was even more impressive, a high drive to straightaway center that landed about 40 feet beyond the barrier and drove in two more runs. It was a prodigious performance even for a player who had come to Taipei with a .480 batting average, 14 home runs in 81 at bats, a .975 fielding percentage and six wins as a pitcher.

Despite all the awards he has won, the fan mail he receives, the tumultuous welcome, which drew 30,000 people to the airport when the team returned from Williamsport last August, the pandering by high government officials and the attention he has gotten from the press, Wang has kept the self-effacing manner expected in a society that brooks no displays of self-esteem, particularly from children. Even the frank adulation of his classmates at the 10,000-student Hsiao-hsun school, where he averages 99%, in his six courses, has not turned his head. Wang learned the game there, practicing in the school's huge grassless center courtyard, breaking a few windows in the process. When he unexpectedly returned to the school wearing his pale blue double-knit uniform one rainy day when he was scheduled to be off at the regional playoffs in Kaohsiung 40 kilometers away, the pupils in his boys-only classroom rose and loudly applauded him as he moved to his seat in the back row.

"Why do you think you defeated the Americans so easily?" Wang had been asked a few minutes earlier.

"We were very lucky, I think," he said. "And what about your own game? Why have you become so good?"

"I try to practice hard, but mostly I think I have much good fortune," said Wang, who like most Chinese players did not know his batting average and could only guess at the number of his home runs and pitching victories.

"Do you think your team will have a chance to visit Williamsport again this year?"

"Maybe not," he said, even though Tainan was favored to win the island's title once more. Then for the first time he volunteered a slightly boastful remark about Taiwan baseball, perhaps because his answer had nothing to do with him personally. "There are so many good teams here. I guess we have a

continued

chance, but remember that last year we were very lucky to win our own championship. In the regional tournament here in the south the Giants lost 3-1 to Kaohsiung. The rules allow the first two finishers in each region to go to Taipei for the national playoff. There we had more very good fortune and were able to defeat Kaohsiung 2-1 in the deciding game. After that we played games only against other countries and the closest score we had was 4-0 with Japan. I think that last year there were four teams in Taiwan that could have won the World Series."

"He's right," grunted Wang's stolid friend and teammate Chen Ching-hsiung, opening his mouth for the first time. He is a massive (5'7", 154 pounds) outfielder-pitcher who was a substitute on last year's title winners and captained this year's Tainan team. Unlike Wang, Chen appears to be an early maturer, a boy who uses his size to dominate his contemporaries in Little League. For this year at least, Chen's statistics were as good as Wang's and only his lack of a curveball and running speed prevented him from being the shortstop's equal.

It was Chen, a hard-throwing side-arm, whom Tainan's Manager Wu Chang-san decided to start against Kaohsiung in the pivotal game in the southern region, where Taiwan's best baseball is played. In the top of the first inning, after a walk and a single by Wang, Chen blasted a homer over the left-field fence in Kaohsiung's new \$350,000 ball park. The hit provided the only runs he needed as he pitched a one-hitter, Tainan winning 8-0.

Not many fans in the crowd of 15,000 at the stadium or in the huge television audience were deceived by the outcome. There was grand strategy afoot here. It seemed everyone in Taiwan knew that neither team had started its best pitcher. Certainly most spectators considered Wang the strongest member of Tainan's staff, and there was no question that Lin Wen-hsiang, who had not appeared for Kaohsiung, might well be the best pitcher on the island.

When the scene shifted to Taipei for the decisive game of the national playoffs, Tainan's Wu had no choice but to overlook Wang and start the boy who had nearly no-hit Kaohsiung two weeks earlier. And Kaohsiung Manager Shau Chiang-kueng was not about to keep Lin,

who was described as "the Secret Weapon" during the fortnight of press speculation that preceded the game, in reserve any longer.

"We're a young team, we've got six 11-year-olds among our 14 players," said Shau. "We can't afford to get in a slugging match with Tainan, so I had to look for an edge in pitching. Last year our best pitcher beat Tainan in the regionals, but in the national playoffs the Giants had the advantage of already having seen his stuff and were able to defeat him. This time in the regional I knew we were sure of a trip to Taipei because we would finish second to the Tainan boys, even if we lost. So I saved Lin until now. This way they don't know any of his secrets."

Chen certainly had lost his mystery for Kaohsiung's hitters. In the top of the opening inning he got the first two hitters on grounders to short, one a slow roller up the middle that Wang cut off in front of second base and the other a hard shot into the hole on which he made an excellent backhand play. But Chen's particular run of good fortune ended when Lin, batting third, singled sharply to center. A double, walk and single by the next three batters gave Kaohsiung a 2-0 lead and Wang was brought in to replace Chen. His first pitch to Kaohsiung's seventh hitter was a fastball for a called strike. His next pitch, a curve, bounced far in front and to the left of the plate. Tainan's catcher lunged for the ball, but it was beyond his range and another run scored on the wild pitch. Wang eventually got that hitter on a grounder to third and Tainan was out of the inning. He would pitch a no-hitter the rest of the way.

Shau now had the edge he had hoped for, but it very nearly disappeared in the bottom of the first when the Secret Weapon looked like a dud. Lin is lean and tall (5'7") with very long legs that twist and whirl as he goes through his slow windup. Shau says within earshot of the boy, "Ah, he's not so fast." And he isn't, compared to Nolan Ryan. Matched against other 12-year-olds, however, baby-faced Lin is lightning quick and an excellent hitter as well. In 12 tournament games this year he averaged .551 with seven homers.

Tainan's hitters seemed unimpressed with all that. The first two singled and then Wang hit a line drive to the base of the fence in left center for a double and an RBI. Following an intentional walk

to clean-up batter Chen and the first of Lin's nine strikeouts, Tainan's sixth batter got a base on balls to force in a run. That made the score 3-2, but from then until the sixth and last inning Lin did not allow a runner to reach base. Wang doubled into the left-field corner to open the sixth and again Chen was walked intentionally, even though it meant putting the potential winning run on. Working calmly, Lin struck out the next two batters. The third batter was retired on a hard one-hopper to second and Kaohsiung was an upset winner.

Predictably, it went right on winning through the five games of the Asian regionals last month at Manila and earned Taiwan the right to represent that part of the world in Williamsport for the sixth straight year. Lin started and won Kaohsiung's three games against its toughest opposition—South Korea, Japan and the Philippines—surrendering only three runs along the way. He also slugged four of the tournament's 22 home runs, and Kaohsiung's leadoff hitter, Centerfielder Kuo Yao-tsung, hit six more as Taiwan outscored its five opponents 66-6.

Whether Kaohsiung will be able to keep Taiwan's victory streak alive at Williamsport may depend on its development of some new secret weapons, such as a good second pitcher to back up Lin and better hitting than the team showed back home. And Shau's youngsters will have to demonstrate they can take tension the way Taiwan's other World Series representatives have. The pressure that Little League has been accused of subjecting American boys to does not remotely equal that borne by Taiwan's kids. They come 10,000 miles to play in a strange country with unfamiliar food, weird eating utensils and fans who boo them. But more than that, they carry with them extraordinary pressures from home. In 1968, when Taiwan lost in the first round at Williamsport, advertisers canceled their TV sponsorship of its subsequent appearances in the consolation bracket of that World Series, and the manager was—and still is—the object of severe criticism.

The island's ego is even more tender now, and a loss this time around would be markedly less well received. As the umpire in Kaohsiung can testify, the Republic of China is jumping with umbrella women these days. **END**



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Aug. 2-11

ARCHERY—**GABRIEL**, FACE of Cincinnati, Ohio and **DOKES** N. WILLER of Jefferson, Iowa recently fully defended their NAAU titles in the National Archery Championships at Miami, Fla. in Oxford, Ohio. Pace averaged 2,997 points to runner-up Richard McKinney's 2,392 to take the men's crown, while Wilber's 2,816 topped Steve Loxton by 37 points on the women's division.

WILLIAMS—**JEAN BALUKAS** of Brooklyn narrowly defeated Japan's Mutsu Harada 10-9 to take her third straight U.S. Women's Open pocket billiard Championship at Chicago.

BOWLING—**NELSON BURTON** of St. Louis rolled a 216 to win the \$5,000 top prize in the \$50,000 Home Box Office Open in Hartford, Conn. Earl Amborg was second with 200 pins.

PRO FOOTBALL—**NFL**: The making Players Association announced it would observe a 14-day out-of-work period, allowing veterans to return to training camps while negotiations, which broke down earlier in the week, were resumed. The owners were seen as ready to welcome them back after only 6,792 fans showed up to watch Detroit defeat Baltimore 6-3, and 14,768 saw Houston overwhelm Washington 48-3 at RFK Stadium. Philadelphia started 15 rookies against the Patriots and lost 25-31, while Green Bay blanked St. Louis 13-0 and Miami overcame New Orleans 41-20. The most intense veteran, George Blanda, kicked four PATs in Oakland's 28-30 win over Atlanta. In other preseason action, San Diego beat the Jets 20-14 in overtime, Dallas topped Los Angeles 13-6, Denver topped Minnesota 20-21, Kansas City defeated the Lions 20-12 and the Giants beat New England 28-6.

WFL: Wayne Duncan won undefeated Birmingham last week and the Weeks open set again, losing 29-32 to the Ancestress, the very same 141 who lost a leg (see 78). Florida handed Chicago its first defeat, putting an end to the fire 48-21, while the Jacksonville Sharks ended a five-game losing streak, beating the Blackhawks 21-24. Portland and Houston played to the NFL's first tie, 15-15, the deadlock standing even after a 15-minute overtime. King Canmex posted for 200 yards and four touchdowns on the Jets' 40-13 victory over Mercedes, and the New York Stars outscored the California Sun 14-10.

GOLF—**LEE TREVENO** outdistanced Jack Nicklaus in the final round to win the PGA by six shots at the Tanglewood Golf Club in Cheltenham, N.C. Trevino shot a four-under-par 276 (page 14).

JUDY RANKIN won the \$52,480 Colgate European women's open at Sunningdale, England, with a 54-hole total of 218, five strokes ahead of Mary Mills and Sue Roberts (page 34).

NANCY LOPEZ of Roswell, N. Mex. defeated Lacey Hens of Colorado Springs 7 and 3 at the Colonial-Fiddler's Green Club in Portland, Ore. to take her second LPGA Girls' Junior Championship.

HARNESS RACING—**ARNBRO OMAHA** (39:28) Billy Haughey driving, scored on Tarpet 100 in the \$100,000 \$100,000 Adios 41 The Meadows in Washington, Pa. The victory in 1:58 1/2 gave Haughey a sweep of all three Adios races. Besides the final, he won both heats, one with Arnbros Omaha and the other with Keystone Petros.

Heve Filson guided **OTARO HANOVER** (39:00) to victory in the \$101,900 American National Manurey Pace at Spectrum's Park. The winner covered the mile in 1:57 1/2 to defeat Arnbros Nubel by a neck.

HORSE RACING—**QUAKE QUILT** (1:11.80), Heliodora Gutierrez up, defeated heavily favored Chris Evert by a neck in the \$56,100 Alabama Stakes at Saratoga. The winning race was a make-over 2:02 1/2 for 134 miles (page 48).

FOOLISH PLEASURE (3:00), ridden by Jacinto Vincent, triumphed by 1 1/4 lengths over The Final Prince in the \$144,995 Spring Stakes for 3-year-olds at Monmouth Park, covering the six furlongs in 1:02 1/2.

Angel Cordeiro Jr. rode **KRISLIN** (39:20) to a three-length victory over Tami in the \$114,700 Delaware Handicap for fillies and mares at Delaware Park, covering the distance in 2:01 1/2.

MAJOR SPORTS—Driving his Dodge at an average speed of 141.637 mph around the 2.66-mile Alabama International Motor Speedway, **RICHARD PITT** won the \$147,000 Talladega 500 by a car length over David Pearson's Mercury to earn \$26,365.

SOCCER—The NASL wrapped up its 20-game schedule and six teams now enter the playoffs. Los Angeles clinched the Western Division title when Hugo Cortez goal gave it a 1-0 win over Dayton. The Aztecs then bowed to the Quakers before a unanimous 30-7 tie in San Jose. Quaker Forward Paul Child had two goals and two assists in his team's 3-0 win over the Los Angeles 3-0. The victory gave San Jose a wild card berth in the playoffs, and Child won the league scoring title with 15 goals and six assists. Miami locked up the Eastern Division by defeating Philadelphia 2-0 and Baltimore took the other wild card spot with a 2-1 win over Central Division champion Dallas. Boston suggested briefly, losing to Toronto 3-0, before toppling Detroit 2-1 to finish the Northern Division. In the three-round playoff that starts this week, the winner of Baltimore vs. Boston will meet Los Angeles in the

semifinals, and the San Jose vs. Dallas winner will play Miami.

TENNIS—Top-seeded **ROD LAYNER** of Australia earned \$9,000 for defeating Harold Solomon of Silver Spring, Md. 6-4, 6-3 in the final of the \$50,000 Volvo International at Rossmore Woods, N.H.

Wimbledon champion **CHRIS EVERT** outperformed Gail Chaffin of Prince 6-6, 6-0 in the final of the women's U.S. Open Clay Court Championships at the Indianapolis Racquet Club in West 36,000 and her third consecutive top title.

WATER POLO—The FULLERTON (Calif.) WATER POLO ASSOCIATION won the national AAU championship in Cupertino, Calif. by tying the favored Cal State Fullerton 2-2 in the final game. It was Fullerton's only tie of the competition, but Concord's second (page 20).

BASEBALLS—ANNOUNCED: The formation of the 12-team professional international baseball Association, to commence a 40-game schedule in June 1979. Each team will have a 10-player roster, including at least two women.

CHOSEN: Pebble Beach, Calif. as the site of the 1979 PGA tournament. The first time the PGA was played on the West Coast was in 1946, when Ben Hogan won at Portland, Ore.

RENAMED: The ABA Drive Racquet, which will now be known as the Naggetts.

RESIGNED: Milwaukee Brewers Vice-President EMM WILLIAMS, 53, to become director of the Major League Central Scouting Bureau at the end of the season.

WITHDRAWN: World Boxing Council recognition of BOB FOSTER as world light-heavyweight champion, for failure to defend his title against No. 2 contender John Conteh of Great Britain.

DIED: **ROBERT C. BERGER**, 46, of Philadelphia, when his 12-year-high balloon exploded and plummeted into Burger's Bay, N.J. Berger, who had only a student pilot's license and previously had not flown a hot-air balloon, was attempting to cross the Atlantic.

DIED: **HOWIE POLLET**, 53, left-handed pitcher (19-18) of the 1946 world champion St. Louis Cardinals, in Houston of cancer. Pollet, a major-leaguer from 1941 to 1958 with the Cardinals, Pirates and Cubs, had a lifetime record of 111-116.

DIED: **SYLVIO MANTIRA**, 72, hockey Hall of Famer who played for the Montreal Canadiens from 1923 to 1938, in Montreal.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

LABOR PAINS

Sir:

NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle points out (*Star-Struck* Canton, Aug. 5) that "if NFL players are given total freedom to negotiate their services, the league would be dominated by a few rich teams and would eventually lose both fan interest and revenue."

Surprisingly, Ed Garvey, director of the players' union, ostensibly agrees. "Let those teams go out of business if they can't run a profitable enterprise," says Garvey. "That's what happens in American industry."

I thought Garvey had the interests of all players at heart, not just a few superstar wheel-dealers. When teams go out of existence, many players lose jobs.

Will the day come when Garvey will be able to claim: "The operation was a success but the patient died?"

THOMAS STAPLETON JR.

Scottsdale, Ariz.

Sir:

So Ed Garvey thinks some of the teams should be allowed to go out of business.

His statement implies that if a team cannot compete without the reserve clause, it is because of management inefficiency. But no amount of efficiency will allow Lou Saban of Buffalo to offer the climate and move-industry contacts of Southern California, or Art Modell of Cleveland the night life and media exposure of New York. Nor, with their smaller markets, can they expect to outbid the teams of those areas.

The claim is made that everyone else has the right to change employers at will. But some other businesses do use contracts restricting key employees from working for a competitor in the same industry within a specific time period.

Further, companies in most other industries, if at a disadvantage because of location, can move to the same city as their competitor. Would that work in professional sports? And in other industries, if one company becomes too predominant, the Federal Government may act. Now if one team wins the Super Bowl three times running and attendance falls off elsewhere, will the Sherman Anti-Trust Act apply?

D. CROFTS

San Francisco

GOODEY TO ALL THAT

Sir:

Once again you have outdone yourselves, and author Roger Kahn (*In the Catfowl Seat*, Aug. 5) has once again made the game of baseball more personal.

In these days when most ball parks look alike and are impersonal—save Fenway,

Wrigley, Tiger and White Sox parks—the glory days of Ebbets Field with Jackie Robinson and its other heroes are captured magnificently by Kahn and Bob Weaver.

B. J. SCOTT FORKST

Huntington Station, N.Y.

Sir:

I was the typical 10-year-old who watched Jackie get up and brush off the dirt from his rear end, who watched Carl turn a sure single to right into an out at first, who watched Campy pick off a man stealing, as if he were tossing the ball back to the mound.

Today I am the typical 32-year-old businessman flying the shuttle back from Boston and crying for my 9-year-old son, who will not have the advantages in life that both my father and I had. Thanks for telling me something that I had almost forgotten.

MICHAEL FRIEDMAN

Port Washington, N.Y.

Sir:

I saw my first major league game in 1940 in Ebbets Field. On that day of overwhelming impressions, two things stood out: the incredible combination of colors—the green, green grass, the rich brown infield dirt, the brilliant white Dodger uniforms, and the smell of the grass. Somehow I never expected that smell. I mean in the middle of Brooklyn, in that ratty old ball park! Later in the game, the cigar smoke, spilled beer, hot dogs, Halda Chester and the guy who used to scream "Cookeeee" numbed the sensibilities. But that initial smell I've never forgotten. And somehow when O'Malley moved to L.A. and when Monsanto invented AstroTurf, baseball for me lost its magic. Pete Reiser, where are you?

BOB SANDRA

Honolulu

Sir:

I lived only three blocks from Ebbets Field. At the time I was rather fortunate because the father of one of my friends worked there. When the Dodgers were away, we were allowed to play on the field. I couldn't start to explain the feeling of being on the same field where some of the world's most famous ballplayers made their names.

DAN VERMEULEN

Brooklyn

Sir:

Reading and enjoying Roger Kahn's piece brought to mind many trips I made to Ebbets Field from New Rochelle, N.Y. to root for the Dodgers.

Invariably sitting at front of me in the grandstand behind home plate was a vociferous rooter for all the visiting teams.

He didn't care who the opponents were.

Every time a play or a decision went against the Dodgers, his booming voice would cry out, "Eat your hearts out, you bum!"

I often wonder if he went out to California with the team.

A. RANDALL RUSKIN, D.D.S.

New Rochelle, N.Y.

HITTING PITCHERS

Sir:

I heartily concur that Ken Brett (*A Pitcher with a Lot of Clout*, Aug. 5) is indeed a very pleasant and refreshing flashback to those good old and long-gone days of the above-average hitting pitchers. I can well recall Wes Farrell of the Indians with his natural hitting ability. Also, back in the '30s there was Fred (Red) Lucas, the pugonistic hurler of the Cincinnati Reds and, subsequently, the Pirates. Though not a power hitter such as Ferrell or Brett, Lucas was a very reliable and productive pinch hitter, besides getting his share of hits in the games in which he pitched. For my part, the American League designated-hitter rule is for the birds (and I don't mean the Orioles) and I'm glad that the National League did not adopt it. It makes for a far more exciting game when the pitcher takes his regular turn at the plate, since there is always the element of surprise in the eventuality of an unexpected and timely hit. Would that there were more fine hitting pitchers around today like Kenny Brett, for I'm sure that the game would then be more exciting.

WILLIAM F. O'BRIEN

Cincinnati

THE LONG VIEW

Sir:

The new flip technique in the long jump (*The Flip That Led to a Flip*, July 29) is enjoying a lot of publicity and is touted in your magazine as being "the first significant long-jump breakthrough in more than 50 years." This is probably true, as there are only so many things a jumper can do on his way to and into the sandpit. But while we are revolutionizing jumping technique let's make an even more fundamental change.

No matter who the jumper, no matter where the pit, no matter what the weather, there is one constant in every long jump, and that is the foul line, or the "scratch line," the thin strip along the takeoff board that has bedeviled jumpers throughout its existence.

At one time there was a need for such a line as an aid in measuring the jump and as a measure of standardization. But is it truly fair to those who don't "have their steps down" and jump before they reach the line,

continued

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18TH HOLE continued

vlogger show runs in order to reach the line or cross the line for a foul? Of course it isn't. This psychological dependence we have built up around a standard foul line is nothing more than a crutch for clipboard-wielding officials.

Rather than have a scratch line, why not have jumpers rub some take-like nontoxic substance on the bottoms of their shoes that would be picked up by a special track surface in the last 20 feet on so of the runway? The officials, clipboards and all, could then measure from the tip of the last take mark to the rearmost imprint in the sandpit to ascertain the length of the jump.

This no-scratch system would undoubtedly be a boon to the jumpers and greatly increase the detestness of their jumps.

DAN WITTEBERG

Alexandria, Va.

Sir:

If the IAAF outlaws the semersault in the long jump, it will be losing potential fans. The only real highlight I can recall in the otherwise dark history of this event is Bob Beamon's spectacular 29' 2 3/4" jump at Mexico City. Outside of the triple jump, the long jump is the least-noticed track event.

TOM CASTLELINE

Lanham, Pa.

ON THE FLY

Sir:

I was pleased to discover that someone has brought to light the circumstances of Fly Williams and his future (*Where Was the Fly* Land? July 29). I have been a fan of the Fly ever since I saw him perform in the 1973 Mid-east Regionals. This is just another case in which a talented ghetto athlete has gotten shafted by the recruiters. I can only hope that this is not a fatal swatting of the Fly.

ZEIGHTON HAYNES

Bloomington, Ind.

Sir:

There is no doubt in my mind that some pro team will pick up Fly Williams. He not only will make it in the pros, he will be one of the best.

RON WEST

Jamaica, N.Y.

DOMESDAY (CONT.)

Sir:

I enjoyed your informative article on the Superdome in New Orleans (*The Louisiana Purchase*, July 22) and, as an interested citizen, eagerly look forward to the opening of this great facility. The Dome will stimulate the economy of the entire area and will provide thousands of sport fans with the finest facility in the United States for watching a great variety of athletic contests.

The prime movers you mentioned in your article deserve a portion of credit for the re-

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18TH HOLE *continued*

alization of this dream, but you overlooked the man most responsible for the financing of the Superdome. I am referring to James H. Jones, chairman of the board of the First National Bank of Commerce, New Orleans, who pushed and pleaded and pushed again to see this idea become steel and mortar. Some people report that Mr. Jones' success was in some way related to "luck" due to the timing of the bond issue, which his bank had underwritten, but I am sure Mr. Jones would agree with me and Coach Darrell Royal, who once said, "Luck is when preparedness meets opportunity." Mr. Jones was prepared, and he created the opportunity.

TOM BARKSDALE
 President
 Merchants National Bank
 Vicksburg, Miss.

So:

In response to J. D. Reed's wonderings about the existence of "some game loony" who may still want to watch a football game "the old way, wrapped in the car blanket in a back stadium with a Thanksgiving blizzard blowing in his teeth," I must be that "loony." If the Superdome is the future, I prefer to stay in the Dark Ages.

GINE FOSTER

Nashville

NOT PROVISIONAL

Sn

Having read numerous articles on golf in *SI* by Dan Jenkins, I was surprised by his analysis of Dale Hayes' violation of "a well-known rule of golf" in the British Open (*Golf's Player's Expo*, July 22).

Dan is incorrect when he says that once you drop a provisional, that is the ball you play. A provisional is exactly what the word implies. In case "a ball may be lost outside a water hazard or may be out of bounds, to save time the player may at once play another ball provisionally as nearly as possible from the spot at which the original ball was played." This ball must be declared a provisional, and it must be played before going forward to look for the original ball. The provisional may be played until the golfer reaches the spot where the original is likely to be. If the provisional is played beyond that point, the original ball is deemed lost.

Thus, Hayes did not play or attempt to play a provisional ball. He had either abandoned his ball as lost or the allotted five-minute search time had expired, in which case he was obliged to return to the previous point and put another ball into play.

EDWARD J. RIDER

Darien, N.Y.

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